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Photo Newman

WALTER HAMPDEN AS MACBETH

An interpretation of the Thane which ranks with the great impersonations of the past, and a fitting companion to this actor's already famous Hamlet

EVERY veteran theatregoer can recall the emotional spasms of a certain Titian-haired lady who got little old New York all het up in the year of our Lord, 1899, when she tried to set fire to the Garrick Theatre in "Zaza." How glad and mad and bad she was and what a deliciously naughty play it was and—and—well, it created almost as much of a furore as the action of the police in forbidding *Jean* carrying the audacious *Sapho* upstairs when Olga Nethersole tried to go Mrs. Leslie Carter one better. These random memories, by the way, are evoked by the announcement that the Selwyns are to present Mrs. Carter in New York next September in a play by W. Somerset Maugham entitled, "The Circle." No, it has nothing whatever to do with Columbus Circle, nor has any one hinted that the circle is a particularly vicious one, although it is said to be rather suggestive. No less a person than John Drew is to play opposite the hectic heroine portrayed by Mrs. Carter. That lady's return to Broadway in a Maugham play, aided and abetted by the gentle and likeable Mr. Drew, is certain to make the first night of this play rather a notable one.

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THERE'S at least one American artist who is not afraid to carry coals to Newcastle. That is Margaret Anglin. It is the intention of the actress to present in Athens the Greek plays which she has already presented more than creditably in this country: "Medea," "Electra" and "Iphigenia in Aulis." These were the plays chosen for outdoor production in California. Although of reverent spirit, Miss Anglin departed from tradition in making her classic productions. The ancient Greeks produced their plays by day. Miss Anglin prefers to produce them at night. The Greeks had only men players. She plays the leading rôles herself. Moreover, she had in California, the aid of a hundred dimpled college girls as chorus and atmosphere. Will the Greeks welcome a spirit so intrepid, particularly a spirit housed in a feminine form? No true Greek will resent the moonlight accessories.

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IT'S good to build theatres—the more the merrier—but it's a mistake to build them too fast, for that usually means an uncomfortable and poorly constructed house. New York has so many beautiful theatres that perhaps we have been spoiled in this respect. The Booth, the Belasco, the Shubert, the New Amsterdam, the Hudson, the Henry Miller—this last particularly—are the last word in comfort and elegance. Unfortunately, as much cannot be said of some of Broadway's newest theatres. Take, for example, the Ritz. In the desire to get out of the floor space as many seats as possible, the rows of chairs have been placed so close together that in some places there is barely room for one's knees. On the second night, the present writer was witness of an amusing incident due to this constructive defect. A lady and gentleman in full dress regalia sailed down the aisle to take the seats they had purchased. The lady managed to squeeze into the space allotted to her, but not so her escort, who apparently was able to get only half his body in. There appeared to be no room for his legs, and, as no accommodations are provided for checking one's legs together with one's coat, his only remedy was to appeal to the box office to change his seats, which he did. The Lyceum has long been an offender in this respect. Some of the orchestra seats, especially in the rear rows, are too close and too small for comfort or decency.

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BROADWAY is telling with much gusto the remark that was made by a certain witty actor regarding a well-known and very talkative playwright who spells Art with large sized capitals. He is one of the foremost exponents of the Higher Drama and has probably written more high-brow plays that have lost money for New York managers than any other dramatic writer now in captivity. This playwright, once the White Hope but whom some fear is now the Lost Hope of American drama, had just talked the actor out of the Players' Club. "Why did you get him started?" asked a sympathetic friend. "He doesn't require any one to get him started," replied the bored actor disgustedly. "He's a self-starter."

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FOR a long time past it has been pretty generally known that certain persons of recognized social standing would, for a consideration, serve as sponsors for ambitious climbers, but it is apparently of more recent date that such sponsors have turned their attention to members of the theatrical profession. Actors and actresses have, from time to time, in the history of the stage, been "taken up" by leaders of fashion, but in democracies, strange to say, less democracy has been manifested in this respect than in monarchies. Nowadays, certain New York hostesses have rather specialized in footlight favorites, the advertising received by the player being therefore of the highest possible character, quite apart from the personal gratification at hobnobbing with the élite. A daughter of Thespis recently surprised her financial adviser by announcing her acquisition of a $1,500 evening gown, explaining, furthermore, that the frock, itself, only cost $500, the additional $1,000 being for the hostess at whose home she was to wear the creation! Thus new and strange partnerships are being formed between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Gramercy Park and Miss Times Square utilizing each other to mutual advantage.

* * *

IT is an instinct of human nature to beautify in some way the place in which one lives, and players share the instinct with commonplace mortals. In prehistoric times, crude figures were painted or carved on the walls of a cave. Nowadays, "interior decorators" thrive even in the smallest towns, while large cities are overrun with them. Actors and actresses adorn their dressing-rooms not only during the New York run of a play, but during the subsequent tour of the country. The majority of leading women possess sets of cretonne covers for chairs and dressing-table, which they carry from town to town, and many leading men follow the fashion, additional embellishments being cretonne window-curtains and wall-hangings, the latter to cover and protect the clothes for stage and street. Some of these sets are extremely elaborate, and stars have been known to add reading-lamps, with shades to match, and even a hammock, in which to rest.

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THIS season has lent courage to several authors upon whose plays managers turned an indifferent eye. Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard had the courage of their savings in the matter of their melodrama, "The Broken Wing." They financed it, engaged a business manager, and made money at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. This, after it had been frostbitten by the winter blight in Boston and had reposed for five weeks in the storehouse. Clare Kummer proved in like manner her faith in her play, "Rollo's Wild Oat." She quite fancies her power to choose a drawing play, and intends to produce other outputs of her own which have failed to interest the arbiters behind the door on which "Manager" is printed. For "Rollo's Wild Oat" had suffered a nearly fatal chill on the road. It, too, suspended activities until Miss Kummer interviewed her bankers and leased the unique Punch and Judy Theatre.

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NOW that soap has come down in price, might we not reasonably expect some theatregoers to be less chary in the use of

this very necessary commodity? The other evening my neighbor in the fifth row of the orchestra was not clean. He may have been greatly gifted mentally—I suspect him of being a Greenwich Village poet—but he certainly needed a bath. His hands and face were filthy, his collar begrimed, his clothes soiled, his hair dishevelled. Personally, I prefer to sit next to a clean person—especially in warm weather. The theory that careless attire and dishevelled hair are inseparable from fine ideals has always left me sceptical. It seems to me that people who can spend seven dollars on two orchestra seats can afford ten cents for a piece of soap.

* * *

THE unwashed playgoer does not make New York his sole habitat. In London, last summer, at one of the most exclusive West End theatres, I sat between a belted earl, resplendent in an immaculate hard boiled shirt, and another person who looked as though he had just crawled out of a stoke hole. I have no objection to stokers as a class. They are useful members of society and often times prove more interesting companions than earls. But I prefer a clean stoker to a begrimed stoker, especially when off duty. Some theatregoers, it may be urged, have no time for a wash-up before going to the "show." For the accommodation of these patrons, I would suggest some sort of a look-over by the doorkeeper similar to the physical examination to which newly arrived immigrants are subjected at Ellis Island. Unless a theatre patron's finger nails pass muster, he should be seized summarily and hustled into a lavatory where a uniformed attendant (without fees) would put him through a deodorizing process. This done, the play can proceed.

DID you ever hear how Mitzi graduated from the Winter Garden to become one of Henry W. Savage's stars? Hearing that Mr. Savage had secured the English rights for "Sari," little Mitzi—who was Mizzi Hajos in those days, tried vainly, so the story goes, to interview the inaccessible manager. Failing to find him "in" after many attempts, the little Hungarian star—she was only a starlet then—wrote him as follows:

"Mr. Dear Sir Savage:—

Me, I am Mizzi Hajos, and I wish from you an engagement as singing comedienne, dancing star soubrette, leading prima donna soprano or any similar pest. Thank you."

And as the theatrical world knows, Miss Hajos was promptly engaged.

* * *

EDGAR Allan Poe is to make his appearance on Broadway next fall as a Selwyn star. Just how much he will fancy Broadway during prohibition times is a moot question, but the point is that the celebrated poet who could not get into the Hall of Fame will now see his name in electric lights in front of a Broadway playhouse. A play based upon his tragic life has been written by Bernard L. Rethy and Samuel Shipman before John Drinkwater could get around to it. The Selwyns are going to produce it with that talented young actor, Alan Dinehart playing the part of the "unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster." The Selwyn press representative, by the way, will probably be kept quite busy informing the public just who and what the late Mr. Poe was.

* * *

GENIUS is impractical. Unless the afflicted one finds a sane guardian, he is likely to remain among the brilliant unknown. John Drinkwater has been fortunate. In Mrs. Drinkwater, he has an executive officer on active service at all times. The telephone is her outpost. "I think he can spare you a few minutes, if you will come back at —— P. M." The appointment is kept, and one finds a tall, smooth-faced, large-bodied young man, with an expensive carelessness about his appearance which suggests that he is an extravagant person in tweeds, boots, neckties, pipes and tobacco. He likes to talk. He is companionable, human, a very solemn delight in his face while he tells you about himself. "My husband will never stop talking, but I must remind him that we shall be late as it is," says the voice of the executive officer behind the portières. She is conciliatory. Instantly he is on his feet, erect, silent. He is a Britisher who believes in Home Rule.

* * *

IN the theatre it is easier to deceive the eye than to deceive the ear. An actor may be able to alter the appearance of his face and even to disguise the contour of his figure, the mystery not being solved until he opens his mouth. A young man may be able to imitate the voice of an old man, or the accent of a negro, an Irishman, a Frenchman or an Italian, only to fail when an American is called upon to mimic an Englishman or when an Englishman is called upon to mimic an American. Stage directors do not seem to realize this fact, so continue to cast people with Southern drawls or Western burrs as Londoners, varying the process by casting Britishers as Yankees. Constant playgoers can recall many performances in which episodes intended to be serious were laughed at by the audience because of the inappropriate accent of some character. To mention a few actors out of many, William Faversham, Bruce McRae, George Arliss and Charles Cherry are quite as British today as when they first came to this country, many years ago, but there are, of course, exceptions, such as Thomas A. Wise, who was born and bred in England, but today passes as "a typical American." Another instance of unusual adaptability is that of Maxine Elliott, who was born and bred in America, but now talks exactly like Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Julia Neilson, Irene Vanbrugh, and all the other London favorites.

* * *

DEAR, puritanical old Boston, which has one of the most notorious burlesque theatres in the country, patronized by many of the Hub City's leading male citizens, righteously refused to allow Guy Bates Post to appear there in "The Masquerader," because in several of the scenes the hero uses "dope," and Boston's censorship rules are against anything that might encourage the use of drugs. Boston, be it remembered, also ruled out "The Easiest Way," on the ground that it was an immoral play. But whenever a "girl show" strikes Boston that is reported to be a particularly undress attraction, the house is usually sold out, particularly "down in front." It might be mentioned in passing that a play yclept "Gertie's Garter" did a big business in Boston recently. This is the sort of "dope" that Boston thoroughly enjoys.

* * *

IN any other field of art save the drama the race or color of its exponent offers no bar. Coleridge Taylor, as a composer in England, Harry Burleigh and Paul Dunbar, as singer and poet in our own country, never felt its handicap. But in the case of the actor of color, it is different. The Drama League may dine him, the critics may expatiate on his undeniable dramatic ability, but when popular interest in "The Emperor Jones" has subsided, where is Charles Gilpin going to find a fitting medium as its successor? A comedy with the central figure a negro is possible, but a talent such as Gilpin's, a capacity for expressing the deeper emotions such as he possesses, ought not to be wasted. Would revivals of "Titus Andronicus," "Othello," "The Revenge" and "Oronooko" fill the bill? Aaron, the Moor, Zanga in Southern's tragedy, are all powerful and compelling rôles whose heroes' visages wear, as the Bard so eloquently describes it: "The shadowed livery of the burnished sun."

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ETHEL BARRYMORE

Whose return to the stage after her recent severe illness, in Michael Strange's play "Clair de Lune," was the occasion of a most enthusiastic demonstration of public affection

HISTORIC FIGURES ON THE STAGE

Useful in illustrating modern themes, the human document being the same. An interview with

JOHN DRINKWATER

A MAN must be over forty before he can write comedy," said the author of "Mary Stuart," a few days before he sailed back to England on the *Adriatic*, and we bowed a humble deference to this modest upheaval of precedent.

John Drinkwater is a young man, in his thirties, not having merged, as he admitted, from the serious vision—youth's message to a wrinkled world. Still, now being well launched in this country of quick imagination and much money, he is riding his successful way back home, with a comedy in his mind, "But I shan't write it yet," he said.

The British poet denies that he is attempting to write historical plays. He abhors that sort of play. So far as any intention he may have had to write an historical drama, he says, the Lincoln play might have been about Napoleon or the Czar of Russia. It was written to illustrate a theme, to point a moral, which Lincoln happened to adorn. This distinctly new application of historical figures in the theatre is one of the interesting revelations of the playwright's inner consciousness of his job.

It seems that he throws the history book out of the window, before he writes the play. If it is picked up by some hungry critic in the street, it's not the playwright's fault. He is welcome to it, because the play has little to do with its pages—that is, so far as Mr. Drinkwater is concerned. He has a firm British assurance that his principles of what a play should be are right, and there you are. The American public, he thought, agreed with him. On the whole, a very sincere, deep-thinking, serious young man, with a tendency towards aesthetic motives in the theatre. One gathers in talking with him some perplexing qualities of thought as to what the stage can do, must do, should do, and very definitely one thing, what it should not do—present the historical play merely for the sake of historical accuracy. He said:

YOU see, there's the story of the play, and there's the theme. The story may be anything, it must be an impression of some writer's theme, suitable for dramatic purposes, aesthetic perhaps in treatment, regardless of who the characters are, where they lived, or when. I don't suppose thirty per cent. of the audiences in England who saw my Lincoln play, knew anything about him further than that he was President of the United States, and that he was assassinated. Certainly, not five per cent. of them knew anything about the other characters who were all historically related. I have a series of general themes for plays that in themselves are really modern themes. It is my idea to use historical figures to impress these themes in my stories. It saves a lot of work because, otherwise, you have to create new characters and the human document is essentially the same. Some of them are more smudged than others, but there is always in a theme the predominent dramatic elements of conflict, and the eternal problems of life.

"Critics are always saying that the plays which my friend Bernard Shaw writes, prove nothing, just as if you can prove that one's life is pre-arranged. There is another obvious advantage in choosing human documents that have been stamped by history, you avoid unpleasant differences of opinion as to the theme you have in mind. Take the Irish question, for instance. The stage could not, at present, adopt it in any form, with any

Campbell Studios

JOHN DRINKWATER

Author of "Abraham Lincoln," "Mary Stuart," etc.

degree of theatrical safety. A play must have a theme, and after that a story. Any story will do that embodies it, clothes it, projects it.

"In my Lincoln play I had the theme of the leadership of men. It is one of the most important problems for human solution. I might have created a character, but Lincoln was already a living symbol of my theme. He still lives, a white light across the darkness of the years, lighting a way for the future. His was a leadership of sublime sincerity to the fundamental ethics of all nations—liberty and honesty. The period in which he lived, the national character of the country in which he was born, the crisis of the Nation in his time, were all adaptable to my theme. He typified exactly the kind of leadership I had in mind, an inspired soul in key with the distracted soul of a great people. The historical accuracy of the play lent itself to a certain aesthetic motive I may have had in my theme, that there are leaders among men who catch the hidden glow of human justice, who reflect it with courage and indisputable wisdom.

"There are different themes of leadership. For instance, I have just finished a play with Oliver Cromwell as the peg on which to hang quite another sort of leader. Cromwell was a leader who overthrew a Monarchy that he might create a leadership of his own. There enters into this formula the qualities of ambition, of fanatic impulse, the overriding will of powerful incentive. I have just been visiting the old confederate battlefields around Richmond, to glimpse some impressive historical facts in a play I am writing about Lee. His leadership again involves a variation of the others.

"Now, none of these are historical plays. They are themes bearing upon leadership in human affairs, not plays about the leaders, themselves. The historical play is not convincing to me, it is too remote in its detail of political plot, its intrigue of state affairs, or its hero-worship. I have been criticized for not making the historical characters I use sufficiently clear, to those who may not know their history. I don't care anything about that. If they never heard of Mary Stuart, for instance, or Darnley or Bothwell (which, no doubt, some have not), I am depending upon the æsthetic symbolism of the play, upon its dramatic story to sustain interest. It doesn't really matter whether they knew who Darnley was when he enters. There he is, a human type preying upon the tortured soul of his legal wife. Whether he is King of Scotland, or a drunken shepherd, the type helps the story and theme of my play. Its not history I'm trying to write about, it's universal problems. The theme of 'Mary Stuart,' is perfectly modern. It could be set in a modern drawing-room and played in ball-dresses with some slight alterations of dialogue, and, I hope, create the same impression. It is the theme of a woman starved by the fate of her surroundings, for the wholesome, natural, normal sustenance of a worthy love.

IT surprises me to receive in my mail, all sorts of letters suggesting historical incidents of a dramatic character. Surely, I am not expected of attempting to write the historical play, the play of grand people in blank verse perhaps? No, no, no, I abhor that sort of play, because, no matter how well it is done, it can never be true. Who can tell what these historical figures really said or did, except at very spectacular moments?

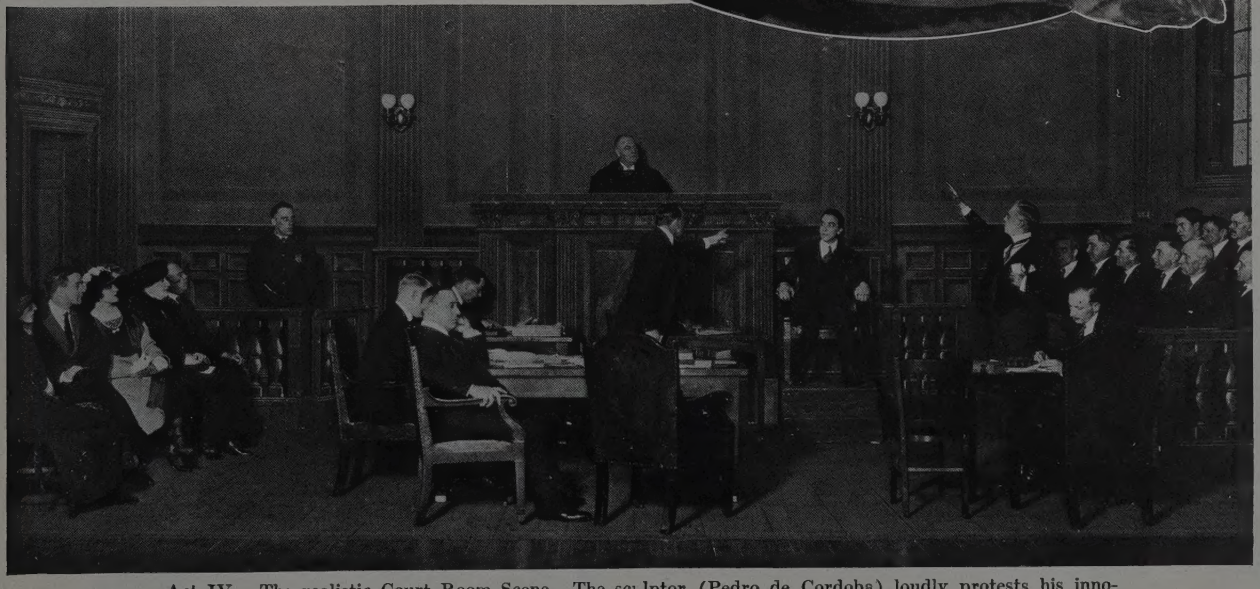
"Some have questioned the correct adaptation of my language to the period of plays. That, too, I think is a dangerous task for the playwright to attempt. A man must write in the idiom of his day, or he will not be understood, any more than a play of Ben Jonson's would be now. When an author attempts to resurrect the idiom of a period he never touched with any but visionary senses, he is lost. That is why blank verse in plays is a handicap. Shakespeare, of course, must be excepted, but (*Continued on page* 448)

White

Left to right: Mr. Kallan (Emmet Corrigan), Mrs. Kallan (Olive Tell), Grace Lonarby (Eleanor Woodruff)

Act II: Mr. Kallan, convinced of his wife's infatuation for Mr. Jovaine, pays a visit to the latter's studio and, while there, secretly obtains an impression of the sculptor's fingers with which he intends to wreak a diabolical vengeance

Act III: Having killed his wife, Kallan, with his newly made rubber stamp, leaves the impression of Jovaine's fingers everywhere in the room, so that, when the police arrive, there can be no doubt as to who committed the crime



Act IV: The realistic Court Room Scene. The sculptor (Pedro de Cordoba) loudly protests his innocence, but the jury is impressed by the damning evidence of the finger prints, and the public prosecutor (John Craig) demands that his life be made forfeit to the State.

"NEMESIS:" A DRAMA OF JUDICIAL MURDER

ECONOMY IN THE THEATRE

Good taste and artistic value not the result of mere lavish expenditure

By FLORENCE GILLIAM

THE theatrical world has learned a big lesson from the Little Theatre. A combination of circumstances has brought this about. The little theatres, to meet the exigencies of lack of space and lack of funds, have invented economic devices for getting effects which have proved more vitally successful than those produced by a tremendous but badly organized outlay of money. Furthermore, the so-called art theatre movement has found its chief outlet for expression in these little theatres and one of the main tenets of the art theatre movement is: "Suggestion, not Representation." In this case, then, practical demands and artistic ideals were for once synchronized. Gradually producers are coming to realize that good taste and real artistic value are not the result of mere lavish expenditure, and the public has seen the superiority of ideas over money.

The problem of the initial cost of a theatre has been met by the remodeling of old barns, saloons, private houses, or what-not, in less expensive neighborhoods. The public finds its way to them and enjoys the quest. Inside the theatre, expenses have been kept at a minimum by reviving the use of the fore-stage in conjunction with the modern picture-frame stage; by a discriminating use of curtains, screens, and conventional panels; by employing the cyclorama and occasionally the sky-dome for exteriors, and the skeleton set for interiors; by the exercise of ingenuity in dyeing and decorating cheap fabrics; and by the constant development of new ideas in lighting.

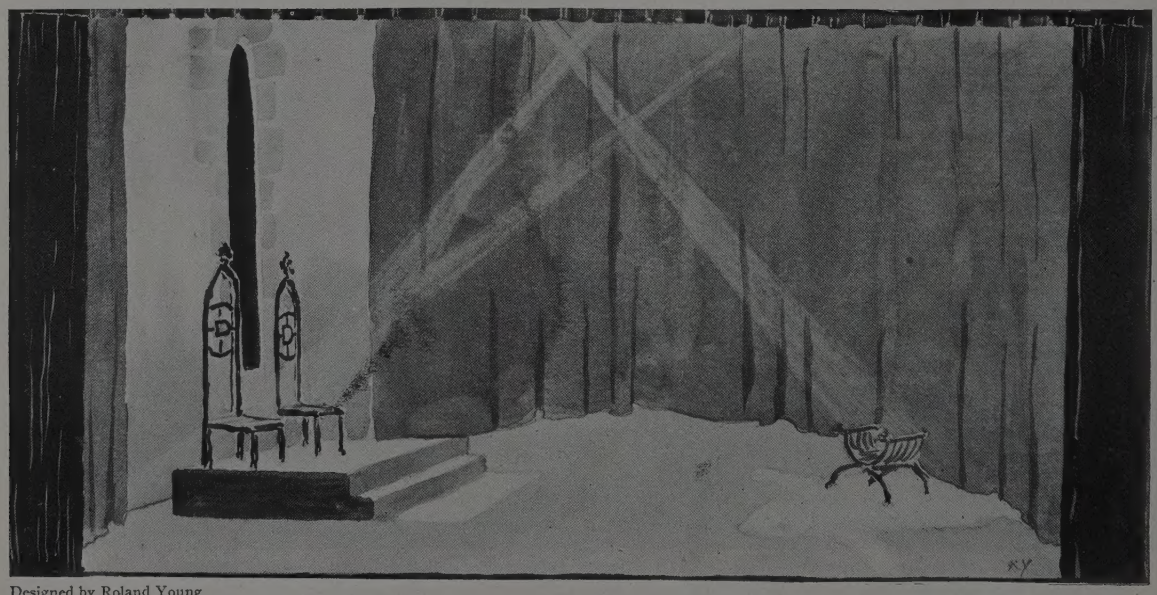
Granville Barker was one of the first to use the combination of modern and mediæval stage. He retained thus, at one time, the advantages of a unified picture inside the proscenium and those of a neutral ground, indefinite as to location and in closer touch with the audience—advantages which arise from the use of the old apron, a relic of the platform drama. This use has been widely extended. Stuart Walker made the most of the fore-stage for convenience in quick change of location, separation of groups of characters, and pictorial effect. Many a small playhouse has been able to establish a setting for street scenes or an indefinite background for detached action, by having the fore-stage backed with a neutral-colored drop—with perhaps a door in the middle, leading supposedly to the interior. Draperies and steps at the sides make possible entrances from the house, which are always picturesque and in some cases, spectacularly effective.

SOME theatres, like the Chicago Little Theatre, for instance, have gone so far in conventionalization as to use simply hangings, or Gordon Craig's famous screens, played upon by varying lights, as the setting for an entire production. Another scheme is to employ decorative panels in tone with the action. I once saw a complete illusion of a garden conveyed by a circular drop painted in a fusion of faint gray, pink, and lavendar, with three panels containing black and white lattice intersected by clusters of tiny pink roses, set up against it.

A European device known as the horizont or sky-dome has been only occasionally employed in America. The Neighborhood Playhouse, in New York's East Side, has had for years a semi-circular plaster wall as a background for lighting, and Sam Hume installed one at the Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit. One of the most important moves in recent staging was the building of a complete dome for use in the production of the 1920 Autumn bill of the Provincetown Players at their barn theatre on MacDougall Street, New York. Many experimental theatres have made use of the cyclorama or painted canvass sky-drop. This makes a background of general out-of-doors, against which exteriors may be indicated with trees, hedges, or the like—usually conventionalized—and interiors by means of architectural pieces such as columns, platforms, and steps. This last scheme is associated in America with its most ardent exponent, Sam Hume. An artist's eye finds great opportunity in the play of color against such a background.

Another device, probably borrowed from the dance-drama, is the use of a plain screen lighted from behind as the background for pantomime in silhouette. This is reinforced by absolute simplicity in property and costume and it has been particularly effective for the exaltation and detachment of the religious story, for the weird surroundings of such legends as Orpheus and Eurydice, and for the remote and mysterious atmosphere of tales like Pelleas and Melisande.

Reinhardt's theory of the skeleton interior as a basis for unity in the various scenes of a play has its practical value as well. An interior in some unobtrusive color combination, like tan and ivory, makes a good foundation for all sorts of colorful effects in properties and costumes. Perhaps the most useful arrangement of entrances is the large center opening, which may be either arch or French windows, and the single doors up right and left. The center (*Continued on page* 446)



Designed by Roland Young

"Hamlet" Scene in "Rollo's Wild Oat," showing ultra-simplification, draperies, a platform and two chairs, with carefully directed lighting, achieving the entire effect.

LITTLE STORIES OF THE STAGE

THE CALCULATIONS OF CARRIE

DRAWN BY
SEDDIE ASPELL

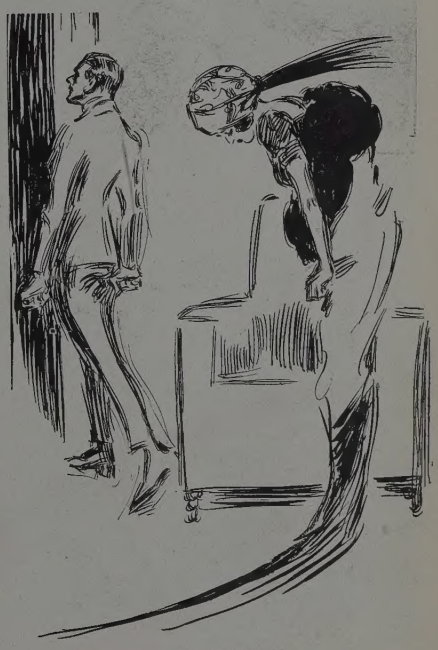
INDISCREET

IN DEBT

IN HOCK

INGRATE

INHERITANCE



IN DUTCH

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Photo Schwarz
© William Harris, Jr.

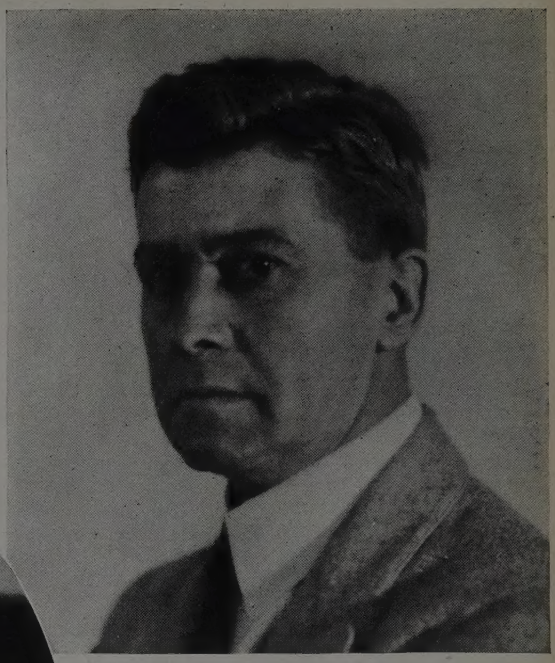
CHARLES WALDRON

WHOSE brilliant characterization of Darnley in "Mary Stuart," is one of the outstanding hits of John Drinkwater's historical drama, began his career, as did Frances Starr, Laura Hope Crewes, Dorothy Donneley and other well known players, in H. V. Donnelley's old Murray Hill Stock Company. His first Broadway success was scored in Belasco's "The Warrens of Virginia," after which he supported such stars as Pauline Frederick, Mrs. Fiske and Elsie Ferguson. Last year Mr. Waldron appeared in "The Passion Flower"

(Oval)

DEIRDRE DOYLE

WHOSE refreshing picture of Judith Cannot in "The Great Adventure" has elicited enthusiastic comment, comes of a player family. Her experience includes an appearance opposite Walker Whiteside in "Mr. Wu," the leading rôle on tour in "Madam X" and "Everywoman," and extensive stock training



Goldberg

IAN MACLAREN

WHO plays the shyly eccentric artist in the Neighborhood Playhouse's production of Arnold Bennett's delightful comedy, "The Great Adventure," appeared first in Mr. Bennett's "Cupid and Common Sense." Mr. MacLaren has been identified with the plays of Shakespeare, Shaw and Galsworthy and has appeared all over the country in Margaret Anglin's classic repertoire. He will also be remembered as the leading juvenile with George Arliss in "Disraeli"

White

ROBERT AMES

WHO, as leading man with Francine Larrimore in "Nice People" and in the title rôle of "The Hero," recently tried out for a week of special matinees, has established himself as one of our most promising young actors. Mr. Ames first appeared with Henry Miller in "The Great Divide." Then followed "The Servant in the House" and with Tom Wise in "The Silver Wedding." He received a thorough stock company training in Detroit, Toronto, and Northhampton, Mass. and then was engaged by Mr. Miller to support Ruth Chatterton in "Come Out of the Kitchen"

Portrait by Ira D. Schwarz

MARGARET MOWER

Sarah Bernhardt said of this fortunate young actress who played with her during her last American tour, that she possessed the most beautiful shoulders in the world. This portrait in Moyen-Age costume, designed by Jimmie Reynolds, bears witness to the French tragedienne's good judgment. Miss Mower plays Mary in "Welcome Stranger"—a rôle she has been acting ever since the piece began its remarkable tour over two years ago.

Jane Grey, of "The Skin Game," takes a classic pose when interpreting the deeper emotions.

Photos by Ira D. Schwarz
Motif by Margaret Vale

Frances Carson of "The Bad Man," thinks of grief as a cloud behind which shines the star of hope.

Olive Wyndham, now in "The Green Goddess," conveys an expression of hopeless despair

To Margaret Wycherly, the Irish mother in "Mixed Marriage," grief comes silently, in drab garments.

GRIEF—AS LEADING ACTRESSES EXPRESS IT

FLORENCE JOHNS AND
CLARE EAMES

Queen Mary speaks sadly to her companion: "R i c c i o, Darnley, Bothwell . . . It's a barren stock of lovers, Beaton. I who could have made the greatest greater."

Photos by Schwarz
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Charles Waldron Clare Eames Frank Reicher

(Riccio sings as Darnley, Mary's husband, enters unseen:)

"But this I say, if Holyrood
Had crowned a proper king,
These grey walls had the blossoms worn
Of an eternal spring."

Bothwell urges the queen to flee with him: "You are not my queen, you are my subject. . . . Mary, my beloved, I am stronger than you. Come, I bid it."

(Mary stays a moment in his arms. Then she slowly releases herself).

Mary: It is magnificent. But I told you I am wiser than my blood."

Clare Eames Thurston Hall

POETRY AND PASSION IN DRINKWATER'S "MARY STUART"

"THE FIRST YEAR"

THIS comedy by Frank Craven has been hailed by critics and public alike as one of the best plays of American life yet written. Excerpts from some of the most amusing passages of Mr. Craven's phenominally successful play are given in the Theatre Magazine by special permission of the author, who plays the leading male rôle in the piece.

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THE story of "The First Year" is laid in Reading, Ill., where live the Livingstons—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Livingston and their daughter, Grace, a girl of twenty, with no particular good looks, but one any fellow would find attractive. The fourth member of the family is Dr. Anderson, Mrs. Livingston's brother, a physician of the old school, the sort of man to inspire confidence and good enough for any one who hadn't enough money to indulge in specialists. It was generally Dr. Anderson who did most of the talking after dinner. Grace would be playing softly on the piano to herself; Mrs. Livingston would have some family mending to occupy her restless hands; Mr. Livingston, with his pipe and evening paper, would be lost to everything but the local and national news, and after the doctor had finished his customary "forty-winks," he was ready to talk for or against any subject of which he happened to be given a lead.

On the particular night the play opens, Mr. Livingston has found an item about a regular caller at the Livingston home, Richard A. Loring, a "wild, straying sort," and as anxious to leave the home town as Grace. Loring has a sort of contempt for those fellows who considered Reading "good enough," and who had decided to keep on there. Having a college education, seen a bit more of life than his fellows, he had a feeling of superiority and this was not always concealed.

LIVINGSTON: Dick Loring is leaving town, Grace.

GRACE: Yes, I know.

LIVINGSTON: Huh?

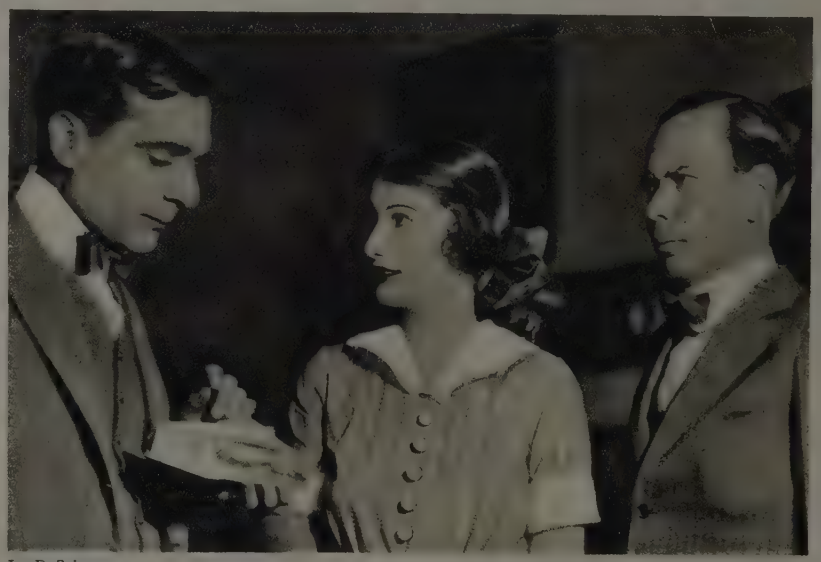
MRS. LIVINGSTON: Grace knows about it, dear, but it's the first I've heard. What does it say?

LIVINGSTON: Huh?

MRS. LIVINGSTON: Read it.

LIVINGSTON: (*Reading from paper. As he gets into it, Grace puts down her book and listens*). Friends of Richard A. Loring, Jr., will be pleased to hear of his association with the Central Pacific Railroad as a construction engineer. While they will regret his departure from town, they will be anxious to see him succeed in his chosen profession. We understand from Richard that he is to receive a fine remuneration.

MRS. L.: Well, thank goodness, I have a daughter and not a son.



Ira D. Schwarz

Act I. Tommy (Frank Craven) brings Grace (Roberta Arnold) the usual box of candy, much to the disgust of his hated rival, Dick Loring (Lyster Chambers)

DR. ANDERSON: Wouldn't you like to have a son, sister?

MRS. L.: No, boys grow up and leave home.

DR.: Well, girls do, too.

MRS. L.: My girl won't, will you, Grace?

GRACE: I haven't decided yet, mother.

DR.: You won't have much chance to leave home if you don't hurry up and grab one of these boys. (*Puts hand on Grace's shoulder*).

MRS. L.: Don't get that notion in her head, Myron. There's no need for her to hurry. She's young yet.

GRACE: I'm twenty.

MRS. L.: I wasn't married until I was more than that.

DR.: Well, there was a reason in your case, sister. The town we lived in was so small it was hard for a young fellow to find it.

LIVINGSTON: (*To Dr.*) What's hard to find?

DR.: I'm not going all over that again.

LIVINGSTON: (*To Mrs. L.*) What is it?

MRS. L.: We were speaking about sons and daughters, Fred, and saying how much more likely a boy is to leave home than a girl.

LIVINGSTON: Oh! (*goes back to paper.*)

DR.: (*Takes arm away*). You wouldn't be able to get Jim Powell to agree with you, sister. He has three sons who are patermaniacs.

GRACE: What are patermaniacs?

DR.: They love their father so much they won't leave him even to go to work.

MRS. L.: Well, if I had a son he probably wouldn't be like Jim Powell's. He'd be going off to be a soldier or sailor or something to shorten my days. No, I'm satisfied to have a girl, and I'll be more satisfied to have her stay right where she is.

DR.: (*Goes up L, gets straw from broom cleans pipe*). You mothers are all alike. You don't want to lose them, and yet your great ambition is to see them married and in a home of their own.

L.: (*Watching Dr. go up*). What's it all about? Who's going to get married?

GRACE: I am. (*Dr. turns and looks at Grace*).

L.: Huh?

MRS. L.: Grace!

GRACE: (*Embarrassed for a moment, then recovering herself*). Well, I hope I am. (*Dr. starts down L C*).

MRS. L.: Oh!

GRACE: And when I do—I mean, if I do, I've got it all planned—(*Gets up and kneels on sofa*), I'd just have a very quiet wedding, and then I'd have a honeymoon—some place—it doesn't matter much where you go on your honeymoon. And then I'd want a home of my own, and the last place I'd want it is here in Reading.

Follows a family discussion. Grace declares her ambitions to have a home and children, and refers to Dr. Anderson the momentous question of when a girl can tell the man she loves. The mother joins in the discussion but finally gives up in indignation at the doctor's encouragement of Grace's views and leaves the room. After proving for her own satisfaction that her father has fallen asleep, Grace enters into a discussion of the relative merits of Dick Loring and one "Tommy" Tucker with the sensible old physician. She decides that Dick is romantic, that Tommy is not good looking, but dependable and obliging, and that she wouldn't have him if he pursued the old-fashioned way of asking her parents consent first. The door bell rings. Mr. Livingston wakes with a start and looks around in a bewildered way.

L.: What?

GRACE: The door bell.

L.: Oh, who is it?

GRACE: We don't know yet. (*Turns and looks at the doctor*).

L.: Oh! (*As Grace starts, Mrs. L. X's and exits*). (*Continued on page 406*)

Nickolas Muray

ADOLPH BOLM AND RUTH PAGE

"Les Précieuses Ridicules" is the appropriate name of this little choreographic comedy which Bolm, prince of satire, has adapted to the music of Serge Prokieff.

Charlotte Fairchild

STEPHANIE KOVAK

September will see the opening of the vivid Kovak Ballet, which comes—no, not from Russia, but from Chicago. The spirited young dancer who is its chief protagonist has spent four years with the Chicago Opera.

Nickolas Muray

GUILBERT ROSE

A dancer of unusual merit, who will be seen in New York, for the first time, next season. Paris, however, knows him well, as does his native Canada.

RUTH PAGE

The charming little dancer in the Ballet Intime, which is now touring the country, as she appears in "Deception," a valse by Schubert.

Charlotte Fairchild

VIVID FIGURES IN THE WORLD OF DANCE

LYNN FONTAINE

Among the early offerings of the fall season in New York, will be "Dulcy," a comedy whose road career has been something of a triumphal procession. Miss Fontaine will be seen in the title rôle—a part she is at present playing in Chicago

E. Moffett

MADGE KENNEDY

The spring drive of the movies has dispossessed "Cornered," and its star from the Astor Theatre—an event which pleased no one so much as Madge, who is now able to enjoy her first vacation in seven years. In the fall she will reopen in "Cornered."

Edward Thayer Monroe

MARGARET LAWRENCE

This sprightly comedienne, recently seen in "Transplanting Jean," is spending the summer in France. But she's returning in the autumn in a new play—to say nothing of new French frocks.

Nickolas Muray

LEADING PLAYERS IN LEADING ROLES

Portrait by Ira D. Schwarz

ARNOLD DALY IN "THE TAVERN"

One of our few actors who can impersonate character—in other words, one of the rare players who can act. Mr. Daly's long absence abroad was a distinct loss to the American stage. On his return recently, he once more gave evidence of his fine art by his admirable portrayal of the swaggering, lovable vagabond in "The Tavern."

Ira D. Schwarz

Act II. Tommy, determined to do the thing right, struggles into a boiled shirt the night he and Grace entertain Mr. and Mrs. Barstow at dinner in their small flat

MRS. L.: I'll go, Grace.

GRACE: It must be Dick, Mother's going.

L.: Aha!

GRACE: Father'll start to wake up now.

DR.: Yes, but only long enough to go to bed. (*Mrs. L. enters*).

MR. L.: (*To Grace*). It's Dick! (*Sits near Livingston*). It's Dick Loring.

(*Dick Loring enters, greets Grace first, then Mrs. L., then the Dr. He is a good-looking, dark boy, about 23 or 24, strong, and athletic-looking*).

DICK: Good-evening.

L.: How are you, Dick?

DR.: Hello, Dick.

DICK: Doctor. (*Goes to Grace*).

GRACE: Hello, Dick.

L.: We've been reading about you tonight, Dick. (*Mrs. L. keeps her eye on Dick all the time, as though she didn't trust him even in her sight*).

DICK: Yes?

L.: That's correct, is it—that you are going away?

DICK: Yes, sir, it's all settled.

DR.: How soon are you leaving, Dick?

DICK: In another week.

DR.: Where are they sending you?

DICK: I'm not sure yet.

L.: Eh, what's that?

MRS. L.: He doesn't know where he is going.

L.: Is that so?

DICK: I don't care much so long as I get away.

DR.: Tired of us here, Dick?

DICK: Oh, no. There are some I'll hate to leave, but there are some I won't miss much. I think, though, it's a good thing to get away. There isn't anything for me here in this town.

MRS. L.: Well, you mustn't get too restless, Richard. You know what they say about rolling stones.

DICK: A fellow has to do a little rolling, Mrs. Livingston, to find a good place to stop. There are a lot of fellows who'd have done better if they had rolled away from this village.

MRS. L.: Why, I think most of the boys we know are doing very nicely. Now, you take Nathan Allen, helping his father in the store. Mr. Allen told me he didn't know what he would do without Nathan.

GRACE: That's all right for his father, but I don't see where it is helping Nate much. I think Nate is terribly stupid, anyway.

MRS. L.: Grace!

GRACE: Well, I do. If we didn't have weather, I don't know what he'd do for something to talk about.

DR.: What about Tommy Tucker?

DICK: Well, er——

MRS. L.: I won't have you say anything about Tommy. (*Grace winks at Dr.*). I wouldn't care if he'd never been off Main Street all his life—Tommy is a nice boy.

DICK: Oh, I don't mean to say that any of them are not, Mrs. Livingston, but Tommy is in the class with the rest of them. How is a fellow to do anything in a real estate business in this town? There isn't anybody moving into the place, and the people here wouldn't sell anything they had anyway. Tommy is wasting his time here and I've told him so, too.

DR.: Tommy seems satisfied.

DICK: That's just it, Doctor, they're all satisfied.

GRACE: And they are all dull, deadly dull.

MRS. L.: I won't let you call Tommy dull.

GRACE: No, Tommy isn't, but real estate isn't a very romantic business.

(*Enter Tommy, a typical small-town business young man, diffident, but with plenty of underlying, self-reliance*).

He has brought Grace the usual box of candy. Mr. Livingston seizes on him for a game of bridge, and much to Tommy's dismay, Grace and Dick beg off. He is captured and half-heartedly plays, watching his rival enjoy a conversation on the sofa. His torments are increased when Grace and Dick go out on the porch to look at the stars. Finally, Dick departs, evidently not in Grace's favor. The Dr. has to go out also on a sick call, but calls Tommy on the telephone and tells him that Grace has rejected Dick, and cautions him to sail right in and grab Grace.

With father and mother going up stairs, Tommy's chance finally comes and he schools himself to it. He tries to literally grab Grace as the Dr. has coached him to do and makes a botch of it.

TOMMY: I'll tell you the truth—while you were out there with Dick tonight, the Doctor told me I was all wrong—I ought to be romantic. He told me a lot of things to do. I can't remember all of them, and I couldn't do them if I could. I was going to speak to your father and mother tonight. I told the Doctor I was—and then the telephone rang, and he told me—again—I wasn't to do it. I had forgotten that, too.

GRACE: I thought that was it. Did he tell you Dick and I had a quarrel?

TOMMY: Yes.

GRACE: And the reason?

TOMMY: He didn't have time. He just said: "Be romantic and grab her quick."

GRACE: (*Laughs*). You do love me a lot, don't you, Tommy?

TOMMY: Oh, Grace, I can't tell you how much.

GRACE: You don't have to. I wonder if you would marry me if I said "yes"?

TOMMY: Grace!

GRACE: Wait—if I said yes.

TOMMY: Yes.

GRACE: Provided we go away some place to live?

TOMMY: All right. Wouldn't it be almost the same if we took a couple of trips each year? Then, when he came back, everything would be practically new.

GRACE: I won't compromise on that, Tommy.

TOMMY: All right, but there is my business, Grace.

GRACE: Haven't you faith enough in your-

(*Continued on page 410*)

Ira D. Schwarz

Act II. But the bird is tough and the hired girl makes such awful breaks that perspiration bursts from Tommy's brow and Grace is on the verge of hysteria, while the tactful Mr. and Mrs. Barstow pretend not to notice anything amiss

Pirie MacDonald

JOSEF SCHILDKRAUT

This son of Rudolf Schildkraut was the one bright spot in the gloom of "Pagans." He will soon be seen in the Theatre Guild's production of "Liliom."

White

A. E. MATTHEWS

Laurette Taylor's leading accomplice, who has played Jerry almost—if not quite—as often as she has played Peg.

Apeda

SIDNEY BLACKMER

The young actor whose Broadway career began so auspiciously in "Not So Long Ago," already has his eyes turned towards Shakespeare—Romeo to be exact.

Ira L. Hill

JACK HANLEY

The agile juggler of the Ziegfeld Frolic, whose merry antics are vastly entertaining and defy all laws of gravity.

© Ray Huff

FISKE O'HARA

Here is one actor who can laugh at "the decline of the road." Seasons come and go, but Fiske O'Hara is always on tour with a lilting Irish play. This year it is "Springtime in Mayo," a romance by Anna Nichols.

FAVORITES IN BROADWAY'S AMUSEMENT WHIRL

Edward Thayer Monroe

ELIZABETH HINES

The young prima donna of "Love Birds" is also an accomplished pianist. She has appeared on Broadway only once before in "See-Saw."

Edward Thayer Monroe

JESSICA BROWN

A comely Winter Gardenia, whose singing and dancing add gaiety to the Century Promenade.

Hixon Connelly

VERA BERESFORD

The charming daughter of Kitty Gordon.

Portrait by Nickolas Muray

MARGARET SEVERN

Dancing with "The Greenwich Village Follies" is not sufficient exercise for this energetic young woman, so she occupies her spare moments concocting special matinées of such dainty morsels as this "Butterfly Dance." Miss Severn was one of the ten artists recently honored by the Drama League for exceptional contributions to the theatre.

self to build up another—some other place?

TOMMY: Yes, I guess I could do that! Is that all you ask of me, Grace?

GRACE: That's all, Tommy.

TOMMY: Gee, what a lucky fellow I am!

And after their honeymoon they have settled in Joplin, Mo. Not a great deal of difference, this Joplin from the Reading they had left, but it was going away for Grace. It was nearing the end of the first year of their married life, the time during which the good Doctor had told Grace she would have to be prepared to forgive her husband three times a week. Tommy has secured an option on some real estate which he feels sure the railroad will have to buy to run its tracks through a certain district. Every cent he could beg, borrow, obtain in any way, he has paid in to hold the option. And the evening arrives when he is to entertain in his home, a small apartment, the purchasing agent of the road and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Barstow, and receive an answer.

The climax of her trials has been reached as Grace with only a substitute, clumsy maid to help her, struggles to prepare for the function in the small Joplin flat. Tommy has told her of the deal. He can't keep silent about it. He has even invested her Liberty Bond, but with great fortitude and the prospect of $100,000 profit, Grace is keyed up to receive the important guests.

While the impossible drudge is burning the soup and breaking the crockery, and adding generally to the confusion, Grace, overwrought and hysterical, dresses in a made-over evening gown while Tommy struggles reluctantly into a dress suit. Before they are ready, the guests arrive—not in evening clothes, and, eventually, with much halting and jerking, the dinner proceeds. Then the door bell rings and Dick Loring enters. It comes out that Dick is the new construction engineer of the road. They ask him how he's getting on—Tommy Tucker taking on a patronizing tone.

DICK: Well, the answer to it is that I am holding down a very good position. And I have had even better offers. How have you been doing, Tommy?

TOMMY: Oh, I'm making out all right.

GRACE: Making out all right! He's doing splendidly. Dick, Tommy is going to be a rich man!

DICK: Tommy rich? Is that so?

GRACE: Yes, Tommy's sold——

TOMMY: Never mind.

GRACE: Tommy has a big piece of property the railroad is going to buy to build a new road.

DICK: Oh, that new spur line?

TOMMY: Yes.

DICK: Good boy, Tommy.

GRACE: Tommy has been awfully clever about it. It was an old amusement park and Tommy found out that——

DICK: Amusement park? Out by Hillsboro?

TOMMY: No, not by Hillsboro—Knollwood. Great Scott, Hillsboro is thirty-five miles south of there.

DICK: So you are going to sell the railroad property in Knollwood, are you?

TOMMY: Yes, and now that you are connected with the railroad, I may charge them more for it.

GRACE: Tommy!

DICK: Is that what you're counting on to make you rich?

TOMMY: Oh, I have other interest..

DICK: I'm glad of that.

GRACE: Why, Dick?

DICK: Because Knollwood's not where the road's to be built at all.

GRACE: Oh, Tommy!

TOMMY: Oh, what?

GRACE: Did you hear what he said?

TOMMY: Certainly, I heard what he said. What does he know about it?

DICK: Well, I ought to know something, I'm going to construct it.

BARSTOW: Are you sure of what you're saying, Loring?

DICK: Sure—why, I'll bet you a year's salary to the rent of this flat that I'm right.

Ira D. Schwarz

Act III. After the row with his young wife, all due to that awful dinner, Tommy, unable to stand his loneliness any longer, seeks her out in the Livingston home where she has taken refuge, and has a painful physical encounter with his hated rival whom he finds trying to act as his wife's consoler

TOMMY: (*Feels in pockets, remembers he has no money*). I don't want to take your money.

BARSTOW: Huh! Tucker, have you got the maps? Maybe Loring has the names mixed.

TOMMY: I'll get them for you (*Rises and goes up to desk*).

And the bubble breaks, busted by an old boyhood friend. The Barstows and Dick leave and Tommy is left alone with his distraught little wife. The words fly back and forth. Grace is strung to the highest tension. For months she has sacrificed herself, given up everything, and Tommy, too, has been noble and self-sacrificing. It has been a hard struggle and just as the goal was in sight—the end. One word leads to another, and despite all the Doctor's warning, anger and exasperation, some shame, too, that Tommy is a failure, overcomes Grace, and packing up her grip she goes home to mother in Reading. But Tommy clings on. He won't give up. But he does start drinking.

And lecturing to himself, addressing the chair last occupied by the beloved one, he declares his faith in himself and in his project, when the door bell rings. It is Barstow returned.

BARSTOW: Would I disturb her? I really would like to see you.

TOMMY: Not a bit—come in. (*Barstow comes down C and sits at table. Hattie, the maid, enters with pitcher, stirring contents*). Hattie, get a fresh glass for Mr. Barstow! (*Hattie gets a glass from closet, puts it on table and exits*). I'm just having a little drink.

BARSTOW: So I notice.

TOMMY: What's your little trouble?

BARSTOW: It's about that transaction of ours. (*They drink*). Now, I want to put my cards on the table with you, Mr. Tucker—be fair and above board.

TOMMY: Cern'lly.

BARSTOW: A week ago I was commissioned to get that piece of land you own. I have been all that time dickering with you, because I wanted to get it as cheap as possible.

TOMMY: Nacherly.

BARSTOW: When Loring made the statement he did tonight, I had a feeling he was wrong, and yet it seemed to me, as he was in the construction end of the game, he ought to know what he was talking about.

TOMMY: He's never known what he's talking about.

BARSTOW: Well, he didn't tonight! I thought possibly the plans had been switched, and that somehow they had muffed advising me. But I got Frisbee, the president, on the wire the moment I left here, and what he said about your friend Loring——

TOMMY: He's no friend of mine! Whatessay?

BARSTOW: Said what the hell would Loring know about his plans! That when he was trying to build railroads he wasn't in the habit of telling every underling what he intended doing.

TOMMY: Did he call him an underling?

BARSTOW: That's the mildest thing he called him.

TOMMY: (*Pours out drink, chuckles to himself*). Underling! I must remember that—underling—that's good.

BARSTOW: So that arrangement of ours is all right.

TOMMY: It is, is it? Who told you all that?

BARSTOW: Well, isn't it? You agreed to sell.

TOMMY: And you agreed to buy, but you renigged.

BARSTOW: Oh, no, I didn't! I went out to telephone and see if you weren't right.

TOMMY: Not if I weren't—if Loring was.

BARSTOW: Well, put it that way.

TOMMY: And if he had been, you'd have said the deal's all off, and as long as he is wrong, I'll say the deal's all off.

BARSTOW: You have given me your word you'd sell at a price, and I think you ought to stand on your word. Now, here is a

White

LEO DITRICHSTEIN AND PHOEBE FOSTER IN "TOTO"

The irrepressible Leo reappears in the rôle of another elderly French roué, whose matrimonial plans for his daughter come sharply in conflict with her mother's religious notions.

White

ARTHUR BYRON AND LAURA WALKER IN "THE GHOST BETWEEN"

After his none too successful venture in French comedy, the adaptable Arthur Byron now presents himself in a play, done in choicest Americanese, that inverts the usual order of things by having a gruesome death-bed scene at the very beginning, and much merry-making thereafter.

POPULAR STARS IN NEW COMEDIES

certified check I brought with me tonight for twenty-five thousand—that ought to be enough proof of my intentions when I came here—

TOMMY: When you came here, yes!

BARSTOW: I'll give you the other seventy-five thousand when the deeds are made over.

TOMMY: That's only a hundred thousand.

BARSTOW: Well, that was your price.

TOMMY: It was, but when you left so abruptly, the price jumped fifty thousand dollars.

BARSTOW: I won't pay it.

TOMMY: All right.

BARSTOW: (*Picks up check, puts on hat*). Is that the best you'll do?

TOMMY: (*Rises*). What time is it?

BARSTOW: Not quite nine o'clock.

TOMMY: (*Looks at watch*). That's right. It's nearer tomorrow than when I made the price, so it's only a hundred and twenty-five!

BARSTOW: But, I say—

TOMMY: Want it? Because if you don't, I'll take it out and sell it tomorrow to somebody who'll sting you good.

BARSTOW: All right, a hundred and twenty-five thousand.

And with his new fortune won and his wife lost, Tommy finds himself the next morning in the hospital as a result of the drinking of the questionable stuff with which the housemaid had supplied him. Meanwhile, Grace is with her parents, and in her moments of second thought, yearns for her husband. She is remaining at home in order to avoid questioning by prying neighbors and will not even confide in her mother the truth of the situation. To her credit she reaches a determination to return to Joplin and fight it out with Tommy and not abandon him in his misfortune.

Then Dr. Anderson arrives home from out of town. He confesses he has been at Tommy's bedside in the hospital. This redoubles Grace's determination and she is about to depart when Mr. Livingston comes in with his inevitable daily paper containing a glowing account of Tommy's wealth. This reacts on Grace and she is unwilling in her own mind to return to her husband now that he is successful. In her quandary she accepts the sympathy of Dick Loring who calls, having been fired by the railroad for the land purchase fiasco. Right in the middle of their conference Tommy walks into the home. He is dressed to kill. Carrying flowers, wearing spats and a cane, he suddenly perceives Loring, the cause of all his trouble.

With none of the chivalry of romance, Tommy attacks Loring. The latter, being a larger man, is getting the better of Tommy when in an impulse of loyalty, Grace hurls a vase at Loring and hits Tommy. The small-town villain retires as Dr. Anderson enters and proceeds to give first aid to Tommy. The latter is sore. His provocation even takes in Grace and he seems to refuse all advances from her or mediation by the doctor until the latter reveals there may be a happening in the Tucker household of some interest.

TOMMY: I can hold my own head, thank you.

DR.: All right, but I want Grace to hold this adhesive plaster so I can cut it. (*Cuts plaster, Grace holds it*). There, that's fine. I think, Tommy, after the head stops aching, you'll be all right.

GRACE: Then that's all you'll need of me? (*Pauses, then starts*).

TOMMY: (*Xs to Grace*). One moment! I'd like to have a word with you, if I may—I won't keep you long.

GRACE: Well?

TOMMY: Contrary to the opinions expressed by master minds, I was lucky enough to guess certain facts about a railroad. I have a check here which I think you are entitled to.

GRACE: That's very generous of you, but I don't want your money.

TOMMY: I shall leave it here with the Doctor if you don't take it.

GRACE: I won't touch it.

TOMMY: Then you see that Mr. Livingston gets it, will you, Doctor? (*Dr. takes check*). *Tommy gets coat from floor, sits on settee, buttons coat, rises and goes to Grace*). Good-night. (*He starts for box and cane*).

GRACE: Good-night.

DR.: Aren't you going to say good-night to me?

TOMMY: Good-bye, Doctor. (*He shakes hands with the physician*).

DR.: Before you go, Tommy, there's one question I'd like to ask you.

TOMMY: What is it, Doctor?

DR.: What would you rather be than anything else in the world?

TOMMY: Single.

DR.: I don't believe you mean that, you've passed the worst time.

GRACE: I have passed the worst time I have ever had.

DR.: Do you mind telling me what it's all about?

GRACE: I don't. He was downright brutal to me.

TOMMY: Brutal? Why do you tell the doctor that?

GRACE: Because you were. I have marks on my arms yet where he held me.

DR.: He grabbed you?

GRACE: Yes.

DR.: Well, I know some women who'd think that's flattering.

GRACE: Well, I don't.

DR.: Why Gracie, Tommy talked of you all the time in the hospital and didn't want to live unless you came back to him.

TOMMY: That's when I was delirious.

DR.: No, you weren't, and Tommy, when Grace heard you'd been sick, she nearly tore the time table looking up the first train that would take her back to you.

GRACE: But uncle, I won't—

DR.: Yes, you did, and you called yourself names and said you were ashamed of yourself.

GRACE: But I

DR.: Stop it, Grace!

TOMMY: If you think—

DR.: Shut up, Tommy! You two are just suffering from matrimonial measels, troubles that look terrible, but don't omount to anything. Everybody has them, and like measels, it's better to have them young and get over them. Years from now you're either going to laugh at this or cry over it. If you let it take you apart, you're going to cry, so let's laugh at it. What do you say, Grace? (*She turns away*). How about you, Tommy? (*He puts up his hand, 'never again'*). And Tominy, you'll want to be around to see your baby.

TOMMY: (*Looks at Dr.*). No!

DR.: Don't look so scared — it's happened before.

TOMMY: I know — but not to me. (*Rises and Xs to Grace*). Is it true, Grace? (*She bows her head*). Forgive me.

PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month

"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.

"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.

"CHAMPION, THE": Highly amusing farcical comedy of the returning prodigal, which brings Grant Mitchell back to Broadway.

"DEBURAU": A fine play dealing with pathetic incidents in a mummer's life, admirably acted and presented with the wonderful detail that mark all Mr. Belasco's production.

"FIRST YEAR, THE": Delightful comedy of newly married life with that inimitable comedian Frank Craven and excellent cast.

"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.

"GREEN GODDESS, THE": Thrilling melodrama, with picturesque Indian background and excellent acting by George Arliss and company.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.

"LADY BILLY": The inimitable Mitzi in a tuneful and mildly amusing musical comedy.

"LIGHTNIN'": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.

"MARY": Typical Cohan musical comedy success—with pretty girls, excellent comedy and bewitching melodies.

"MARY ROSE": Barrie's latest play of the never-never kind. Strange, unusual, yet absorbingly interesting.

"MARY STUART": Impressive historical drama by John Drinkwater. Picturesque and admirably acted.

"MR. PIM PASSES BY": Tenuous, but entertaining and brightly written English comedy, admirably acted by Laura Hope Crewes and other members of the Theatre Guild.

"SALLY": Tuneful, decorative and delightfully entertaining musical comedy, introducing the exquisite little dancer, Marilynn Miller as a star.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH": Tense drama introducing Ben-Ami, a temperamental, forceful actor of the Jewish Art Theatre, who gives an impressive, interesting performance.

"SKIN GAME, THE": Stirring and interesting play of class conflict in England today.

"TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.

"TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.

"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.

Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnstor

M I T Z I

Mitzi, who is nothing if not versatile, cherishes dreams of a school where the principal subject taught will be versatility, and where all the pupils will emulate their instructress in their ability to sing, dance and act equally well. The principal hitch in the plan seems to be that Mitzi's managers are slightly less keen for variety and have already booked the comedienne for two more years in "Lady Billy."

OLD FAVORITES

ADELAIDE NEILSON

This popular Shakespearean actress, declared by William Winter to be the best Juliet and Viola of her time, began life as a factory girl. Born in Leeds, England, in 1846, she managed to obtain a little education and eventually found employment in a theatre. She came to America in 1872 and was seen at Booth's Theatre, New York, her success being unequivocal from the start. She returned to England in 1880, and died that same year at the height of her fame and beauty.

(Right)

CHARLES COGHLAN

The brother of that fine artist, Rose Coghlan, this player came to America in 1876, making his début at Daly's as Evelyn in "Money." A handsome, well-built man, with fine voice and engaging personality, Coghlan's success with American audiences was immediate, and he remained prominently before the public for a number of years. After making a great hit at Wallack's as Charles Surface, he appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre as Clarence, in his own play, "The Royal Box."

Falk

Warren

THE VOKES FAMILY

Famous organization of English comedians who came to America in 1872, making their début at the Union Square Theatre, April 15, of that year, in "The Belles of the Kitchen." The company, which consisted of Fred, Fawdon, Victoria, Jessie and Rosina Vokes, scored an immense success in this country and remained popular with our audiences for many years.

JAMES LEWIS

This popular comedian of the Augustin Daly company began his stage career as a burlesque actor in 1866, at Mr. John Wood's Olympic Theatre. As a comedian he was so irresistible that no play was long popular at Daly's of which he was not a member. William Winter says of him: "His quaintness and unconscious drollery captured all hearts. His whimsical individuality never varied, yet every character of the many that he portrayed stood clearly forth among its companions, a distinct, unique embodiment."

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

SHUBERT "THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC." Tragedy in four acts by Emile Moreau, translated by Astrid Argyll with musical settings by Tschaikowsky. Produced on April 12 with this cast:

Massieu	Maroni Olsen
Earl of Stafford	Charles Webster
Tiphaine	Harry Barfoot
Winchester, Cardinal	Eugene Powers
Earl of Warwick	Henry Hull
Duke of Bedford	Fred Eric
Pierre Cauchon	Albert Gran
Jean Beaupere	Sydney Mather
Henry VI	Katherine Roberts
Queen Catherine	Marion Barney
D'Estivet	Lark Taylor
Loyseleur	Ralph Roeder
Lemaistre	Howard Kyle
Ysambard	Lenox Pope
Vernon	William Street
John Grey	Glen Coulter
Jeanne d'Arc	Margaret Anglin
De Luxembourg	Cameron Matthews
Goodale	Frank Kingdon

FOR an emotional actress to play an entire season in this city speaks volumes for her personality and her art. This Margaret Anglin, has done. The greater part of it was spent in the exploitation of a play of distinctly inferior value, but which provided the star with a rôle that displayed her gifts of telling power and sensible sweep. The closing weeks she enacted rôles not only suited to her higher gifts, but in the acting of which her intelligence, feeling and capacity had their proper scope. Her unqualified success as Clytemnestra in "Iphigenia in Aulis," she followed up by a presentation of "The Trial of Joan of Arc," from which she emerged with additional laurels, earned not only as an actress, but as a producer of superlative artistic worth.

Emile Moreau's chronicle drama deals with the closing phases of Joan's life. Translated by Astrid Argyll, it impresses audiences at the Shubert as a work of historical importance, dramatic sequence and psychological insight. Dignified, eloquent and descriptive, the dialogue is delivered with fine elocutionary effect by Miss Anglin and, with few exceptions, by nearly every one of her associates. Physically, Miss Anglin is not suited to the peasant girl of Domrémy, but intellect, properly applied, will rise superior to outward shortcomings, and as *La Pucelle* Miss Anglin gives a rendition instinct with fine spiritual exaltation, naïve humor and innate dignity. A fine accomplishment.

It is a long cast, and but a few can be named for personal recognition. Maroni Olsen displayed nice depth of feeling as the devoted Massieu; Charles Webster, martial dignity as the Lord Constable; Harry Barfoot, sweet devotion and gentleness as another of Joan's *devoués*; Eugene Powers, impressive ecclesiastical authority and subtlety as the English Cardinal, Winchester; while Sydney Mather finely outlined the insistent malignant qualities of the accuser, Beaupère. Grim unction attached to the Goodale (the gaoler) of Harry Ashford, and the recreant Canon of Rouen was acted with keen emotional intensity by Ralph Roeder. Fred Eric was the Bedford, and Albert Gran the Bishop of Beauvais. The indecision and inherent cowardice of the latter had fine expression. Henry Hull as the truculent swashbuckling Earl of Warwick was a live figure in every picture. His acting possessed fluency, picturesqueness and audacity.

George Foster Platt's happily devised stage pictures were realized in fine color and movement, while Tschaikowsky's opera, "The Maid of Orleans" was arranged as a musical setting that materially enhanced the value of a very distinguished dramatic achievement.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE. "IPHIGENIA IN AULIS," by Euripides, with musical settings by Walter Damrosch, produced on April 7, with this cast:

Agamemnon	Eugene Powers
Attendant	Harry Barfoot
Menelaus	Sidney Mather
Messenger	Ralph Roeder
Clytemnestra	Margaret Anglin
Attendant	Batsheba Askowith
Nurse of Orestes	Nell Vincent
Iphigenia	Mary Fowler
Torchbearer	Byron Foulger
Achilles	Moroni Olsen
Calchas	Milton J. Bernd

THE overwhelming success that attended the recent presentation in New York of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," under the auspices of the New York Oratorio Society, demonstrated, in no uncertain fashion, that there is a public here for the very best. The undraped girly-girly shows and the indecent bedroom farces enjoy, no doubt, the patronage of a great number of our less intelligent theatregoers, but that we have also an intellectual, cultured public today, actually starving for, and deeply appeciative of, the best, no one can doubt who witnessed the extraordinary and enthusiastic audience that gathered to see the Greek tragedy acted by Miss Margaret Anglin and her associates.

The occasion was a most impressive one, the vast auditorium being packed from pit to dome, while the merit of the production was such as to call for positive and continued applause. The demonstration of acclaim was, it might be said, issued in triplicate, for Walter Damrosch's musical setting was something more than an incidental accompaniment. Margaret Anglin brought her dramatic ability to bear with telling effect on the rôle of Clytemnestra, and credit went to Maurice Browne for the striking stage management.

The rigid conventions, so associated with the presentation of the Hellenic drama, were freely deviated from, and what was given was a stirring and effective rendering of the Euripidean drama, with scenery, large bands of supernumeraries in constant action, responsive to the movement of the play, principals acting with the glow, light and shade of any well-knit drama of the human emotions. There was the usual interpretative chorus, utilized this time with even greater freedom than is the wont of Maurice Browne, under whose direction the production was made, and who, for the brilliant significance of his work and its true revelation of worth, deserves the highest praise.

Damrosch's music is interpretatively valuable. It conformed with fine sincerity to the spirit of the traditional, and in the closing moment of the play added appreciably to the achievement of a fine heroic note.

The acting throughout was admirable. For regal dignity, splendid depth of feeling, defiance, anguish and relief, Miss Anglin, by her wonderful elocution and impeccable diction, demonstrated herself the genuine leader of the heroic stage.

Mary Fowler was a capable Iphigenia, and the thankless rôle of Agamemnon was sonorously exploited by Eugene Powers. Achilles had a handsome and sincere exponent in Moroni Olsen, and a vivid sketch of Menelaus was given by Sidney Mather.

The Messenger, with his spirited outbursts, was picturesquely handled by Ralph Roeder, while a very finished and touching interpretation of the aged Servitor of the house of Argos was given by Harry Barfoot.

RITZ. "MARY STUART." Historical drama by John Drinkwater. Produced on March 21, with this cast:

John Hunter	Charles Francis
Andrew Boyd	Russ Whytal
Mary Stuart	Clare Eames
Mary Beaton	Florence Johns
David Riccio	Frank Reicher
Darnley	Charles Waldron
Thomas Randolph	Leslie Palmer
Bothwell	Thurston Hall

ANY poet, especially one with a knowledge of theatrical technic, who is willing to devote his muse to the service of the stage should be acclaimed and welcomed with eager arms. I think I voice the feelings of a certain public when I say that, for the sake of the literary content, we may even overlook an occasional deficiency in detail.

John Drinkwater is an indubitable poet and a distinguished man of letters. His "Abraham Lincoln" demonstrated that, and emphasized his positive powers as a searching psychologist. If "Mary Stuart," in dramatic force or analytical character value, does not measure up to that veritable masterpiece, it still remains an offering of intrinsic merit with scenes of uncommon beauty and many picturesque qualities, that go to make it a colorful and notable addition to the contemporary drama.

Drinkwater's Mary does not call for the sweep that attaches to Schiller's heroine, she is rather a Mary half way between the historic queen, as pictured by her detractors, and that limned by her enthusiasts. Drinkwater paints her cerebral qualities, and hints at the glow of passion which she undeniably possessed, and for the expression of which he calls in the interview with Bothwell.

Considering her limited professional experience, the work which Miss Clare Eames does in the title rôle is quite remarkable for its poise, variety, plastic grace and acute intelligence. Her comedy moments and her flashes of satiric scorn are scintillating. She is at all times the Queen. Some reviewers have brought against this actress the grave charge that she is cold in the passionate scene with Bothwell, forgetting that a queen does not throw herself incontinently about like a wanton. There is, perhaps, a certain haughty reserve—her aunt, Emma Eames, has it in even greater degree—but it does not necessarily imply lack of temperament. Beware of smouldering fires! Do the snows which cover Fuji give any hint of the volcano that rages beneath? Besides, has not the dramatist himself set the limit? The line reads: "I am wiser than my blood." A conscientious artist does not seek to improve on the author.

Darnley, a splendidly drawn figure of the pusillanimous blackguard, false to friend and foe alike, is acted by Charles Waldron with an almost perfect sense of its necessities and opportunities. The dominating qualities of the burly Bothwell are strongly delineated by Thurston Hall, and Riccio is sketched by Frank Reicher with the *finesse* and skill needed to bring out the attractiveness of the man in spite of his truly craven nature. Scenery, costumes and decorations are by Livingston Platt, which means that archaeological correctness and picturesque beauty are seen at their best.

A less interesting part of "Mary Stuart," is a rather dull, modern prologue, a discussion between an elderly and a young man as to whether a married woman's heart is big enough to contain two lovers, the scene being obviously intended as a modern parallel of the historic incidents which follow. The elder man is acted by Russ Whytal with fine dignity, in spite of the fatuousness of his argument. Charles Francis as the husband, contends with equal earnestness to the contrary, but it is all so futile as to prove a serious handicap to the rest of the play.

Very happy and amusing is the pantomime, "A Man About Town," which serves as a curtain raiser, in which Austin Strong and Henry Clapp Smith, by their illuminating facial expression and deft physical contortions produce some admirable comic effects.

HUDSON. "NEMESIS." Drama in 4 acts, by Augustus Thomas. Produced April 4, with this cast:

Mrs. Purdy	Ethel Winthrop
Constance Wendell	Marie Goff
Marcia Kallan	Olive Tell
Grace Lonarby	Eleanor Woodruff
Dr. Simpson	Roland Bottomley
Mr. Jovaine	Pedro de Cordoba
Mr. Purdy	Frank M. Readick
Mr. Davis	John Craig
Mr. Kallan	Emmett Corrigan
James	John M. Troughton
Jeanne	Jennie Dickerson
Officer Conlon	Robert Cummings
Counsel for the Defense	Charles P. Bates
Witness	Howard Nugent
The Judge	G. Clayton Frye

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, the playwright, sometimes reminds me of Marie Corelli, the story writer. There is much of interest in everything the distinguished British novelist writes, but her flashes of genius are submerged under an ocean of verbosity. In other words, she needs editing. "Nemesis" would be a better play if much of it were cut out. It has some very effective scenes—notably, that of the court room, the grim realism of which held the spectators spellbound—but the playwright is so long getting to his crucial situations, and one has to wade through such a lot of pointless twaddle in an extremely dull first act, that interest is allowed to wane long before the action has a chance to get started.

Mr. Thomas' purpose in writing this play—apart from gathering in what royalties may obligingly come his way—is apparently to prove that the so-called infallible finger-print system, on which the police largely depend today for the detection of crime, is not infallible after all, but, on the contrary, might become, in unscrupulous hands, a dangerous instrument by which an innocent person could be "framed up" and "railroaded" to the chair.

The chief protagonists in the drama are Mr. Kallan, a merchant; his wife, Marcia, and Mr. Jovaine, a young sculptor, whose society the romantically inclined Mrs. Kallan prefers to that of her prosaic, middle-aged husband. The triangle is familiar enough. It is only in the *dénouement* that Mr. Thomas departs from the conventional. Taking "Francesca da Rimini" for his model, he makes the merchant another Malatesta who sees "red"

when his wife's unfaithfulness is revealed, the sculptor taking, of course, the tragic rôle of Paolo.

The scene in the third act, where Kallan kills his wife, has all the suspense and thrill of drama, and it is well and forcefully acted by Emmet Corrigan. As the wife at bay, pouring out the venom pent up in her heart for years, Olive Tell, in this one scene, appears at her best. He kills her with a nail file—the tiny weapon piercing the heart—deliberately, passionlessly, scientifically, and she falls dead on the floor in the very gown she had put on for the Ritz. The wife has paid, but the lover not yet.

For him, Kallan has devised a diabolical scheme of vengeance. In the studio he has noticed how clear an impression can be made on plastic clay, and he clips off a bit where the sculptor has rested his fingers. The rest is easy. For twenty cents, Kallan has made a rubber stamp of the impression, and this, by a simple process, is again reproduced on rubber fingers. After killing his wife, he hurriedly sets the scene for the coming of the police, carefully leaving everywhere the impression of the sculptor's fingers.

Jovaine is arrested and tried for his life. His protests of innocence are unavailing. Finger-prints never lie. He is sentenced to die in the chair. The grey morning of the execution comes. The witnesses file slowly into the death chamber. Kallan also has come to Sing Sing. It is his right, if he chooses, to see his wife's murderer die. He refuses to witness the execution, but stays outside the sinister little room in company with the district attorney, until the flash of light under the doorway shows the deadly current has been turned on and that Jovaine is dead. Then, for the first time, Kallan weakens. He must tell someone. He would go mad if he did not. Producing the rubber fingers, he shows them to the dumbfounded district attorney, whose powerful summing up had secured Jovaine's conviction. The district attorney is aghast. It would be deuced awkward if it got out that the man were innocent after all. One can't bring a dead man back to life. Better say nothing. Kallan goes away. The rest of his days he must settle with his conscience.

It's ingenious, although, naturally, there are flaws in the reasoning. It is not clear that a person could always secure a finger print so easily. Nor is it clear why, during the trial, no suspicion is directed at the jealous husband—the last to see his wife alive—and who was known by everybody to be on bad terms with her. But we must not ask too much of melodrama.

John Craig is admirable as the prosecuting attorney, and Charles P. Bates deserves almost equal commendation as the counsel for the defense. Pedro de Cordoba is sympathetic as the luckless sculptor.

EMPIRE. "Clair de Lune." Play in 3 acts by Michael Strange. Produced April 18 with this cast:

The Queen	Ethel Barrymore
Duchess of Beaumont	Violet K. Cooper
Prince Charles	Henry Daniell
Lord Arranton	Roy Cochrane
Marquis Trois Fleures	Dennis King
Mr. Pynge	J. S. De Wolfe
Lady Jenny St. Wynne	Shirley Gale
Lady Brawford	Ina Rorke
Miss Augusta Chevaux	Betty Carsdale
Chiffon	Henrietta Goodwyn
Picolo	Guy Standing, Jr.
Phedro	Herbert Grimwood
Ursus	E. Lyal Swete
Dea	Jane Cooper
Gwymplane	John Barrymore

THEATRICAL hero worship has seldom been carried to such extreme absurdity as on April 18 last at the Empire Theatre when Ethel and John Barrymore appeared as joint stars in a play written by the latter's wife, entitled "Clair de Lune."

The demand for admission to what was announced as the most sensational *première* of the season was extraordinary. The box office price, fixed at the modest sum of five dollars a seat, proved altogether too cheap in view of the enormous demand. Speculators at once raised the ante to ten dollars and twenty dollars and even at these figures the supply was quickly exhausted. Thousands of dollars worth of checks sent in by mail were returned to disappointed applicants because the theatre was already packed to suffocation from pit to dome, and on the opening night the spacious front lobby of the Empire resembled nothing so much as the approaches to the Baseball Grounds the first day of the World's Series, hundreds of frenzied would-be standees pushing and struggling to pay no matter what for the privilege of standing all evening in serried lines at the back.

What had aroused this extraordinary ebullition of public interest? Had the tempestuous Kean come to life again? Was the great tragedian to repeat his memorable performance when he played Othello to the Iago of Junius Brutus Booth? Had Joseph Jefferson's ghost returned to earth once more to delight us as Bob Acres to the Mrs. Malaprop of the incomparable Mrs. John Drew?

Nothing of the kind. The bill proved to be a tenuous, disjointed, uninteresting, wholly inconsequential piece largely indebted for what slender plot it has to Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs." John Barrymore appeared as Gwymplane, the young aristocrat with his face horribly mutilated in childhood by scheming relatives, who has become the associate of gypsies. We saw Dea the blind girl who, unable to see Gwymplane's deformity, loves him for his nobility of soul, and quite a prominent figure is made of the degenerate Duchess and her perverted passion for the kisses of the poor mutilated clown whom she entices to her boudoir. This scene, admirably acted by Violet Kemble Cooper, afforded the first opportunity of the evening for any real acting. Up to that point, the play was merely a succession of tableaux with nothing but talk, talk and more talk, punctuated by the aimless flittings here and there in the moonlit gardens of gorgeously attired courtiers and bewitching powdered dames in enormous crinolines. Dea, confronted with her lover's fall from grace, dies of a broken heart, while the unhappy Gwymplane, in an agony of remorse, seeks oblivion in a watery grave.

The costumes were exquisite and the stage settings highly decorative, but that is about all that can be said in praise. The piece is overweighted throughout with words and there is much evidence of attempts at fine writing by a gifted young poet—inexperienced as yet in the dramatist's craft—who has still to learn that the play's the thing, no matter how her muse may be yearning for expression. The action drags lamentably and what comedy there be is artificial and forced—in short an amateurish effort, on which the talents of the popular Barrymores are sadly wasted.

Ethel Barrymore, always a delight returns to the stage after her severe illness, with every apppearance of being herself again. She has regained her sylphlike form, and, while her voice still has the monotonous falling inflexion which has always been her chief characteristic, she never

(*Continued on page* 458)

PLAYERS WHO WRITE PLAYS

Shakespeare was an actor, so was Molière and there are others

By ADA PATTERSON

I AM tired of hearing it.
Hearing what?
That actors cannot write plays.

That any creature short of a deaf mole should repeat that hoary untruth amazes me. If he will take a little excursion outside himself and read the signs above the theatres of the world's metropolis he will be as greatly surprised as, for many theatre going years, he has surprised me.

"The actor can't write plays. He writes scenes." Dreadful indictment! Or it would be dreadful but for the fact that a play is written by scenes as surely as a word is written by letters.

"An actor will build up a part for himself at the expense of all others." Yet we have an actress-author playing the smallest rôle in a play in which she was a collaborator. Zelda Sears might have written herself a corpulent part when she rebuilt "Cornered," but she, an established comedienne, appears in the least significant rôle in the play.

The player is the natural playbuilder. A pensmith can write essays or editorials, feuilleton, homilies or narratives, but when he tries to write a play he ventures into a strange land beset by many thorns of painful inexperience or crass ignorance. The actor who would write a play starts with all that the pensmith doesn't know about the stage. What the audience will have and what it won't have the actor knows by instinct, plus experience. That largest factor in the success of a play the author who tries to write plays must learn by long and gall-distilled experience.

CAST the searchlight of observation up and down Broadway, up and down Forty-second Street, which is Little Broadway, and all the fringe and tributaries of Broadway.

You will see "Lightnin'," turning into the last half of its third year at the Gaiety. Frank Bacon, a veteran actor, a graduate barnstormer and transplanted Coast Defender, wrote "Lightnin'." He built it around a central figure, Bill Jones, that had served for vaudeville material for thirty years. Winchell Smith helped him rewrite it for metropolitan consumption. Winchell Smith a manager? Certainly. But a manager who evolved from a playwright and a playwright whose first stage of evolution was actorship. Mr. Smith was a minor member of "The Girl From Kay's" Company and its stage manager.

Trip down Broadway for two blocks with me. Turn into Forty-fourth Street. We come to pause before the Little Theatre. This elegant temple of amusement, built by Winthrop Ames, houses "The First Year," a delicious comedy real as life itself, one of the leading successes of the year. Its author is Frank Craven, who wrote another successful play, "Too Many Cooks." Mr. Craven wrote parts for himself in each play. It is notable and noticeable that they do not overshadow the other rôles. Contrary to the irritatingly frequent generality, this actor has not thrown his play out of proportion by the character he has written for himself. "The First Year" is a superb example of a finely balanced production. In this, too, Winchell Smith's touch appears. He produced it, which means that he subjected it to microscopic oversight.

DODGE the automobiles and thread your way with me through Shubert Lane, the short cut between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets and we find at the Plymouth Theatre another vital play mothered by a player. Rida Johnson Young wrote, "Little Old New York." It is one of her twenty-three play children among which was "Brown of Harvard." Since she is still at the meridian of life and deeply ambitious, she may give us twenty-three more. An actress? Certainly. She practically ran away from home to go on the stage. She served a novitiate of a half dozen years before she offered her first play. By the way, while we have all tried to sing *Mother Machree*, almost none of us realized that Mrs. Young wrote the words of that ultra popular ballad which John MacCormack has sung around the world.

Come with me across Broadway—beware of that heavily weighted limousine!—and look down Forty-eighth Street, rival of Forty-second as little Broadway. The Vanderbilt proudly displays its brooklike "Irene," written by James Montgomery. Assuredly, once an actor. Across the street, the melodrama of life and adventure in Mexico, "The Broken Wing," flies on at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. Paul Dickey, on whose aeronautic experience it was based, is an actor author. While he was leading man for Henrietta Crosman he was thinking of playlets and aspiring to plays. He swung round the vaudeville circuits in tabloids of his own.

AN ACTOR wrote, "Mecca," and also "Iris," the play in which Virginia Harned reached the pinnacle of her acting fame. You remember the bulky, wide-shouldered, deep-voiced man, who in a realistic scene that filled most of us with terror lest it be real, smashed the furniture? That was Oscar Asche, whose life and mind were not filled with playing powerful villains. Dreams of beauty pursuued and possessed him. He transmuted them into that pageant of Eastern life, "Chu Chin Chow."

Down town again, please. We pass the Globe, where Fred Stone is lingering for a year or more in "Tip Top." Anne Caldwell wrote it. Miss Caldwell was a musical comedy and vaudeville performer. Paradox though it is, a broken leg helped her to climb. While she was recovering from an accident, bedfast in a little western hotel where the company had reluctantly left her, she amused herself by pretending to write songs. The pretense became actual. She has fitted Fred Stone and his late partner, Dave Montgomery, with skin-fitting plays for consecutive seasons. This year she was Raymond Hitchcock's amusement tailor. The present version of "Hitchy Koo" is largely hers.

On to Forty-fifth Street, and as we go let me remind you that we passed the Park Theatre at Columbus Circle. That had been, for several months, the house of "Bab." "Bab" is a dramatization of Bab the Sub-deb, made by Edward Childs Carpenter. When Mr. Carpenter's name appeared in small type as the author of the very large type success, "The Cinderella Man," the gallery asked the orchestra: "Who is Edward Childs Carpenter?" He answered the question. He said to me: "I took out a repertoire company and played parts myself. I did this for two or three seasons so that I might learn the technique of the stage. I wanted to write plays and I was convinced that I couldn't write them without that experience."

Doubtless, recalling his own actor apprenticeship, Mr. Belasco was the more inclined to produce "Deburau," because it was the work of an actor. Sacha Guitry, famous son of the famous Lucien Guitry, wrote the play around the character of the greatest pantomimist, Jean Gaspard Deburau. That it was translated and adapted by Granville Barker, an actor author, only enhanced its value in Mr. Belasco's near-sighted, far-seeing eyes.

WE LOOK in at the Hudson and see that still young actor, George M. Cohan, in his production of "The Meanest Man in the World." We pass the theatre that bears his name and see "The Tavern." Four blocks below, "Mary," founded upon a character of one of his plays, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," is keeping success company in his trio of productions. Ever since that epochal day when, the family fortunes being low, George Cohan wrote a song and went out and sold it, and when he came home and told the news "caused a noise,"—so he has told the story—Mr. Cohan has been a writing actor. Nor have the characters he played ever assumed such prominence as to overturn the vehicle.

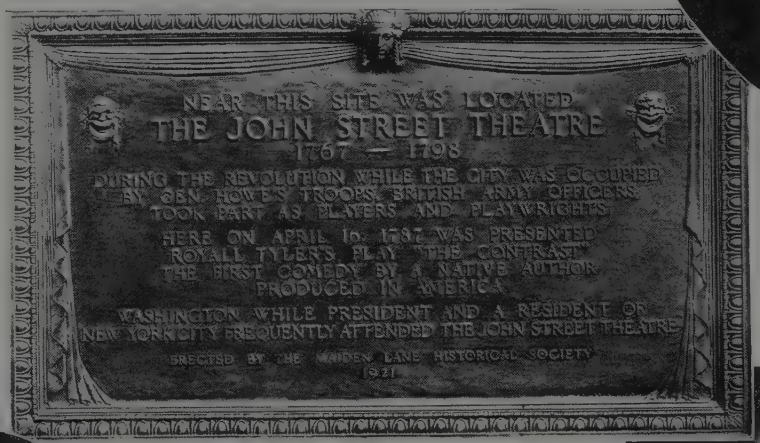
Edgar Selwyn began treading the boards twenty-five years ago. He wrote "The Mirage" and appeared in his own plays, "Pierre of the Plains," and "The Arab," without casualities to either drama.

To the Liberty came as a near Christmas guest, Mitzi, as the star in the musical romance first named "Sonny," but retitled "Lady Billy," Zelda Sears, who knows the stage from the angle of ballet girl, stock actress, character comedienne and star, is the author. Most programmes of musical offerings are sprinkled with a quartette of (*Continued on page* 450)

Comfort and convenience reign in the tasteful Elizabethan lounge of the Klaw Theatre. The severity of the high oak wainscoting and huge stone fireplace is relieved by a soft rug and gay chintz in orange, jade and mulberry. Decorations by Watterson-Lowe Co.

HAROLD CHAPIN

The author of "The New Morality," produced by Grace George, is another promising writer sacrificed on the altar of patriotism. His death in the Battle of Loos was a distinct loss to the English speaking stage


NEAR THIS SITE WAS LOCATED
THE JOHN STREET THEATRE
1767 — 1798
DURING THE REVOLUTION WHILE THE CITY WAS OCCUPIED BY GEN. HOWE'S TROOPS, BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS TOOK PART AS PLAYERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS
HERE ON APRIL 16, 1787 WAS PRESENTED ROYALL TYLER'S PLAY "THE CONTRAST" THE FIRST COMEDY BY A NATIVE AUTHOR PRODUCED IN AMERICA
WASHINGTON WHILE PRESIDENT AND A RESIDENT OF NEW YORK CITY FREQUENTLY ATTENDED THE JOHN STREET THEATRE
ERECTED BY THE MAIDEN LANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
1921

(Right)
Commemorative Bronze Tablet placed on the site of the old John Street Theatre, New York's first playhouse of importance — by the Maiden Lane Historical Society

Edward Thayer Monroe

ZELDA SEARS

The author of "Lady Billy" and co-author of "Cornered," who has been appearing in the latter play, announces this is her last appearance on the bright side of the footlights. She expects to be kept pretty busy writing two new plays

MAURICE BROWNE

The English founder of the Chicago Little Theatre, the father of the art theatres of this country, has long been an influence on the American stage. His original and admirable handling of stage and chorus in Miss Anglin's recent revival of "Iphigenia in Aulis" has again brought him into prominence

FROM JOHN STREET TO TIMES SQUARE

THE OLD CHORUS GIRL

By EMILIE INTROPIDI

THE outside shutters of a second floor front of a West Twenty-Fourth Street house were bowed and tied with a string to keep out the blazing noon day sun and let in all the air stirring in that section of the crowded city.

A woman with a head of dark, untidy hair dropped heavily into a rocking chair close to the window. She breathed a little wearily as she gazed about the ill-kept room, the heat seeming to bring out all the grease spots in the worn carpet, and giving everything a dusty, dry color.

Her white skirt and shirtwaist were spread out over the foot of the cheap, white bed. A pair of patent leather ties, the high heels a little inclined to the northwest, were huddled under a chair. The marble mantel-piece had a gaudy Japanese vase at each end, surrounded by portraits of the woman in the chair, and a clock, that had gone out of commission some years back, stood in the centre, flanked on one side by a cup and saucer, the cup filled with matches and the saucer with cigarette butts, some of which had fallen over and stained the marble a dirty yellowish brown. The bureau was littered with a hat and veil, a newspaper carelessly folded, a large photograph of the same woman in costume, and a "make-up" box, partly opened by a powder rag and puff that refused to be hidden from view.

THE woman brushed her hair back from her forehead and, dragging it up from the nape of her neck, twisted it into a hard knob at the back of her head. Without leaving her seat, she leaned forward, pulled out a bureau drawer and fished for a hair pin, finally succeeding in landing a tortoise-shell affair of the harpoon variety, which she jabbed through the mass at the back of her head. Stretching out her foot, she managed, by sliding down in her seat, to touch a chair which she drew towards her, and rested her shoeless feet on the cane seat. Putting her hand behind her, she drew forth a delapidated palm leaf fan which she began to use vigorously, now and then whisking away a fly that settled on her bare arm.

The odor of ill-smelling soup and burnt hash floated up through the house. The woman sniffed, opened a satchel that stood on the floor and took out an alarm clock. It had stopped. She wound it up, set it at twelve and gave it a shake to start it going. Dropping back in the chair again, she let the clock rest in her lap, too tired or warm to put it on the bureau.

She heard some children laugh shrilly as they chased each other across the street. When is it ever too warm for children to run or laugh? She heard some hucksters calling out their wares as the horse plodded and the cart rumbled through the street, and a man calling "Extra" about an accident. But none of these things interested her.

She had made a round of the agencies that morning and it had been, "nothing doing," in each one. She breathed wearily from the heat and the disappointments of the morning. She grew reminiscent as she realized that each year it became harder to land a job. "Fifty if I'm a day, and without a job, and not a dollar in the world! No, I have a dollar—I have four dollars and sixty cents. But then my washing is coming home."

For a moment, the tears welled in her eyes out of self pity. Then she braced up and squared her shoulders as she thought of what she had in her favor.

FIFTY if I'm a day," she repeated. "If the census man came along I'd say thirty-two and he'd believe it. That comes of being an alto and not ambitious. I never was a beauty, so I couldn't lose my looks; and I never had a model figure or I should have grown fat, and thank the Lord I'm slim."

She drew her arms down from the back of her head and looked at them admiringly, massaging them well round the elbow as she did so and stretched them back and forth two or three times. Then pulling up her skirts she glanced at her ankles. "Good for many years to come." And she dropped back in the chair again, smiling contentedly, as she threw her arms once more above her head, grasping the chair and making a frame for her head.

"I'll land a job, yet, and that's no pipe dream. No use running after those show pieces, they expect more of a chorus girl than of a prima donna. Wish to heavens they'd revive some of the real old comic operas, that's where I'd come in. Know 'em all, sung in every one of them. That's where my alto voice would carry me through. The musical directors always stood up for me when the chorus was cut down. They'd always pipe up, 'You mustn't cut out any altos, can't spare one.' Many's the time I've been kept on in the face of a pretty soprano, screaming her voice away."

The smell of frying chops permeated the house. She picked up the clock from her lap, looked at it and set it on the corner of the bureau where it was in imminent danger of falling off.

"Lucky thing for me I have this place to come to when I'm out of a job. Mrs. Bain's fine, there's no getting away from that. Never says a word. That comes of always paying up. She knows I'm square. That's more than she can say of some of the others who get more money than I do." Visions of trunks being held floated through her mind.

THE rumbling of the wagons in the street, the cries of the children, and the familiar call of the "old clothes" man passed unnoticed, but she pricked up her ears like a race horse at the starter's pistol when she heard the tinkling of a piano in the next house. "Nimble fingers, whoever it is," she thought as she listened attentively. "What is it they're playing? Oh! I know—it's the convent music from 'Fatinitza.'" A smile illumined her face as she recalled the opera. "That's one of the old timers, I thought it a wonder, but I was new then. I don't see why people had to make a fuss about the 'harem scene.' It was awful pretty, and Jennie Winston was great. The string of people who used to wait outside the stage door to see her! Wonder what's become of her?"

The music changed and slipped into the *Lullaby* from "Erminie." Leaning forward in her chair she listened eagerly. "Will I ever forget it! That was a first night if ever there was one. I can see it all before me as plain as day. The girls in tuck-ups and white wigs, the men in square cuts, and Pauline Hall a picture, in the centre of the stage. Applause doesn't go for anything on a first night, that's always fixed. But after the *Lullaby* you heard it come from every corner of the house. We sang it over and over and over." Unconsciously, she hummed the alto, swaying her body to the time.

"Was there ever anything like that night? The excitement, the pretty costumes, the orchestra, and the mere fact of singing and being part of it all. Long rehearsals, yelling musical directors, scolding stage managers, were all forgotten in the wonderful excitement of that first night success.

THE Mason and Dixon line usually drawn between principals and chorus was hopped over on that night. The manager comes around and looks as if he'd like to hug the whole bunch. The girls rush up and congratulate the prima donna. The musical conductor calls a rehearsal for the next morning on principle, and the stage manager says he'll take a hack at it after that, and no one cares what either of them says. The girls run up to the dressing rooms laughing and talking and no one calls them down for it. And the comedian singles out two of the best looking chorus men and invites them out to have a drink. Everybody is happy. Oh! it was great, great, great!"

She sighed and sank back in her chair as the music ceased.

"What a difference," she mused, "when the first night is a failure. You can feel it, feel it, feel it from the first chorus. Nothing will save it. It is like a wet blanket over the whole house. The manager comes around, this time with his hands in his pockets, calls the entire company on the stage, picks on the chorus the first thing and tells them they haven't got any ginger, think's he will fire the whole lot and get in a new set. Musical director says they never looked at him, and the stage manager comes in for his share. Then the prima donna chimes in and says she never worked so hard in her life, but she knew there was nothing in the piece from the first.

"What's the use of going over failures, when there are so many successes, and,—and—" The music commenced again. "Perhaps he stopped for a beer," she thinks. "I wish I had one." She swallows one in imagination and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

The unseen pianist is now playing with a firm touch the *Policemen's Chorus*, from the "Pirates of Penzance." "Oh!" she laughs, and

Abbe

PAT ROONEY in
"LOVE BIRDS"

This expert fun maker, long popular in vaudeville, recently held a celebration at the Apollo Theatre where he is playing in "Love Birds." It marked the completion of seventeen years of partnership — professional and domestic—with the equally popular Marion Bent

(Below)

ROBERT WOOLSEY in
"THE RIGHT GIRL"

A new comedian has captured Broadway. Robert Woolsey, who frisks so merrily merrily through this girl and music show, waited many years for his New York opportunity, but when it came he made much of it. He is seen here singing his, "Things I Learned in Jersey" song

White

POPULAR COMEDIANS IN MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS

beats time on the arm of the chair. "I wouldn't tell anyone but myself, but I was in the first company that went on the road. Will I ever forget?" And she shut her eyes in an ecstasy of delight. "Gilbert and Sullivan directing the rehearsals! I was young then, young, young like the flowers that bloom in the spring. The sun seemed always to be shining, and the world seemed so big and broad and everyone seemed to be coming to meet me with out-stretched hands—and now," she laughed, "I'm always chasing someone for a job.

AND those rehearsals! They seem but yesterday. I can see Sullivan coming into the green room of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Such a gentleman, so patient, so kind. We didn't laugh when he turned around on the piano stool one day and said, 'Ladies, that is a *minim.*' I don't suppose half of us knew what he was talking about, but we did when he said he was going to have coffee and sandwiches sent in. I nearly fell off my chair, and when he sat down on a costume box with us, I felt like going up and shaking hands with him.

"Gilbert was a different proposition. Whew! Wasn't he sarcastic! Will I ever forget when he told one of the 'Ruth's' she used her hands like fins. I wanted to laugh, but I was afraid he'd know it, although I had my back turned to him and was kneeling in front of a Pirate. I know he never had any trouble teaching the stage business. He never changed his mind. If he told you to do a thing, all you had to do was to remember, not forget it the next day as you have to do with other stage managers.

"I shall always remember Sullivan as the kindest of gentlemen, and Gilbert as the greatest of stage managers."

She covered her face with her hands as she listened to the familiar music of the "Black Hussar."

"That was another great first night, I ought to remember it. That's where I met Jim. I never had anything against Jim, we just drifted apart. He always was ambitious and wanted to be a tenor, but his voice didn't amount to much. He had a great idea of make-up and character (and then everybody liked Jim), and made a little part stand out like a big one.

"What a fine cast that was! Cottrelly was wonderful; Lilly Post, Marie Jansen, Mark Sweet—my, but he looked handsome! Digby Bell as Piffkow; Jim tried to get the understudy of Piffkow, I don't think he did. Anyhow, he never played it. And De Wolf Hopper, he made a wonderful hit. I wish they'd give it again.

"Mr. McCall gave me a bracelet when I was married. It had a little padlock. He fastened it on my arm and gave Jim the key."

She looked at her bare arms. "I wonder where that bracelet is now! Unfortunately, it was gold, and it went the way of all gold.

I WONDER why I am thinking so much of Jim today. I suppose it was that article." She took the palm leaf fan, hooked it on the newspaper on the bureau and drew it to her and read a notice about a play called, "The Spider's Web" (brought out in San Francisco). The play had made a hit and a man playing a minor part had scored a big success. After reading it, she flung the paper back on the bureau. It struck the large photo of herself and both slam-banged onto the floor.

"To think of Jim making a hit. Well—he always was ambitious. Maybe it's a case where a person plays a small part that has a touch of humanity about it and the papers are full of the success and that's the last of it. I'm fifty and Jim is older than I am. I haven't seen Jim in ten years and I never give him a second thought. I haven't got anything against Jim. We kinder drifted apart. He was ambitious, and when once he'd played a part, he would go back in the chorus.

WE couldn't always get in the same company, and then he got the chance to go to Australia. He didn't send me any money because I was earning. And it took so long for a letter to get there, and I didn't see him for over three years, not till we met that Sunday morning in Cincinnati. His company was coming east and mine was goin' west. It was, 'Hello, Lil!' and 'Hello, Jim!' He told me I looked the same. I thought he looked older. 'Write when you get a chance,' he called out. I said I would but I wasn't sure of his route and I suppose he was busy, and I never heard or thought of him again until today. I never had anything against Jim. Think of him making a hit! Well, he always was ambitious."

She leaned forward and opened the cover of the "make-up" box, thought better of it and let it fall with a clang.

"I guess I'll write Jim a letter telling him I'm glad he's in the land of the living. No, I won't till I land a job. He'd think I wanted something. He never did send me a cent and I never asked him for one. I'll land a job and then I'll write. I can't get over Jim making a hit."

Pulling herself together with sudden energy, she stood in front of the mirror eyeing herself critically. She opened the "make-up" box once more and taking a well-powdered rag, rubbed her face skilfully, taking great pains with the corners (*Continued on page* 450)

THE NEW IMMODESTY

TO the old play-goer, accustomed to the more sedate school of dramatic and literary criticism, especially as regards the impersonal attitude of writers in relation to the reading public and one another, the anxiety of some of our present day theatrical scribes to exploit their respective personalities and acquaint the public with their daily doings, is nothing less than amazing. In former years, when criticism was surrounded by reserve and dignity, it would be impossible to imagine Mr. Winter patting Mr. Dithmar on the back and constantly quoting his opinion, or Hillary Bell informing an indifferent public that he had supped the evening before with "Nym Crinkle." One can imagine a college sophomore, trying to make an impression with his first journalistic effort, making "breaks" of this kind, but that professional writers should be guilty of it is incredible. The *New York Times*, commenting editorially on this absurdity, under the heading: "The New Immodesty," says in its issue of March 26 last:

"No, alarmed reader, this is not a tirade on women's clothes. It is man, literary man, especially the young literary man (anything under 50 is juvenile), that is the subject of our story. He has for some time past been disporting himself in public in a way to make the judicious grieve and the ungodly laugh. His violations of propriety are not so much a scandal as an unconscious joke.

"Consider the fashion in which our youthful heroes of literature, our young lions of criticism, bear themselves. They flaunt their own merits. They spend most of their time discovering each other's genius and proclaiming it to city and orb. Their interchange of puffery is as open as day. FREEMAN buttering STUBBS and STUBBS buttering FREEMAN were nothing compared to our most delightful essayist smearing it over our most naturalistic novelist, who pays in kind.

"Mutual admiration societies are tolerable, but only when they are quiet affairs between friends. Today, however, a new publicity makes the new immodesty doubly offensive. The bragging of the author is done, as it were, through a trumpet, and the fulsome compliments he receives and gives and advertises are made as nauseating as the resources of the printer's art admit. Gifted Hopkins booms the critic of the day, and is duly boomed in return. The self-confessed great writers hobnob in public, toss praise to each other like flowers, play battledore and shuttlecock in the magazines and newspapers with each other's latest productions of supreme talent. It has come to be a regular game. Brown takes occasion to say that he really must hasten to inform the reading world of the appearance of Ferguson's transcendent work of imagination. Then it is plainly Ferguson's move. The amused public watches for it. And certain as the tides, it comes in the shape of a lugged-in remark by Ferguson to the effect that the dainty fancies and delicate word painting of Brown are at last appreciated by the discriminating.

"This literary logrolling and unbosoming goes into minutiae of the writer's personal habits. What he reads and eats and wears, and what are his favorite diseases, an astonished public has thrust upon it. That it seems funny at first may be admitted; but, kept up, it wearies and bores and disgusts.

"Hence the friendly warning to these young literary disrobers. Gentlemen don't do these things—do not boast, do not flatter. That may go for nothing with the new lights of literature, whose social morals are often as amazing as the wonder with which they gaze upon each other. But to tell them that their little tricks have been found out and that they are making themselves ridiculous may help. Pray you, avoid it."

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

BETTY BLYTHE AS THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

This latest of the long and royal line of screen vampires is particularly royal, for it is none other than she whom King Solomon considered the last word in feminine sovereigns. Chosen as star for this latest Oriental spectacle, Miss Blythe is said to have gone hungry on Broadway a couple of seasons ago. It was good training for the feasts which Solomon prepares for her in this picture

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By FRANK VREELAND

MORE and more the process goes on in motion pictures by which producers give their heroes enough rope to hang themselves. Directors seem no longer to be apologists for their young men and women; the men are not so loftily pure that one feels these Sir Galahads should be mounted on white chargers instead of walking, and the young women are no more paragons of the virtues even if they do take in washing and chew gum. Their artistic mentors appear to say to the great, wide world: "Here they are, drat you—make the most of them! We know they're pretty poor stuff—but let those who are without blemish and bolshevism cast the first stick of dynamite."

It is particularly encouraging to note this tendency in a month which chanced to bring together a half dozen of the best pictures that have walked the earth in a long time. A flood is commonly disastrous, but this time the inundation of feature pictures has some of the benign qualities of the Nile overflow.

JOHN S. Robertson, though he draws no rose-colored veil over the frailities of T. Sandys in "Sentimental Tommy," does not give that fitful-minded young man as much rope to hang himself as did Sir James M. Barrie. But in transforming Barrie's delightfully mercurial tale into the films Robertson has chiselled something so superb, so beautifully rounded, that to end it with an impromptu death as the Scotch author did in the casual manner of one whose hero was getting on his nerves, would be like grooming a glossy cat for an exhibition and then stepping on the cat's tail.

By long odds this is one of the finest samples of screen art that has come this way in many months, preserving the spirit and the atmosphere of "Sentimental Tommy," and "Tommy and Grizel," so faithfully and delicately that one opines the director, a Scotchman himself, must have been nurtured on the same brand of porridge and fairy stories and smoked the same kind of tobacco as Barrie. The London episodes and the sub-plot of Aaron Latta's love for Tommy's mother are excluded, but Thrums is there in all its thatched glory, perfect in every detail, likely to make Barrie, himself, home-sick.

While Robertson has picked out some of the whimsical humor of the original, he has spun his shimmering web principally over the romantic phases of the book, and over the pathetic desire of the Painted Lady's daughter to be respectable and to be loved and married like a lady. Robertson has struck some of the deepest chords in Barrie's story strongly, unveiling the ghastliness of sentimentality, and it is but fitting that the self-conscious young blade whom Barrie made too much of an artist to be a man, should, in this producer's hands, finally develop, by consummately gradations, into something approximating a real masculine biped.

A most diversified and adeptly shaded portrayal of Tommy is given by Gareth Hughes, who has Tommy's imaginative light in his eyes, Tommy's fickleness of expression, and Tommy's royal waggle of the head. Tommy's personality sticks to him like a burr. No more suitable actress could have been found for Grizel than pretty May MacAvoy, who not only looks the character, but has just that wistful, tender appeal in her eyes that is copyrighted by Barrie. In her poignant emotion after the rising young novelist finds he cannot marry her, in the quiet pathos of the scene in the Alps where she discovers his affair with Lady Alice Pippinworth, and in the searching irony of her child-likeness when Tommy marries her after she loses her mind, she shows a poise and a Greek sense of tragedy that brings Niobe down to date. Mabel Taliaferro, likewise, visualizes the sorrowful Painted Lady admirably, and the other personages seem to have been made according to the best Barrie recipes.

ONE supreme debt of gratitude the public owes to Rex Ingram in producing "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and that is for having staged the late war so well that probably no other directors will dare to put it on again for a long time. This film version of the noted novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, aside from its many other merits, is welcome as a screen armistice.

The job of condensation has been felicitously done by Ingram and the adapter, June Mathis, even though the task was much like that of reducing Homer to ten reels. But, regardless of its fidelity to the original, this production can go charging through the ranks of the majority of photoplays of the year, propelled by its qualities as a spectacle alone. There are thunder and terror in its war episodes, while the allegorical Four Horsemen gallop through the clouds impressively, the soldiers march and toil at their artillery and conduct nerve-racking night raids in a manner to please the highly fastidious German General Staff. The early scenes in the Argentine are bright with sunshine and vivid with the spirit of a lusty, exotic world; and afterward gay, hedonistic Paris of the cafés and the artists' quarter gives the spectator a palpitating opportunity to shed his garment of respectability vicariously for a moment—which is naturally attractive. *Genre* touches are thrown in with *finesse;* the lighting in the photography is as carefully modulated as in the portraits of a "Follies" girl, and the artistic composition of the groupings and the mob scenes indicate that the movies are rising above the level of the rural tin-type artist.

Young Julio is drawn with an unsparing hand in his phase as a tango teacher and dilettante in love, though eventually this hoofer has the strength to hoof it to war. Rudolph Valentino plays him with highly creditable surety, bringing out his Latin accent even on the screen. Perhaps because this handsome young man has been a dancer, he knows how to count his dramatic pauses. Alice Terry makes of Mme. Laurier a charming and comely piece of fragile bric-a-brac, with an all too rare quality for holding down the throttle on her emotional outbreaks. The old Centaur and all the other characters are excellently sketched—in fact, the cast is as fittingly chosen as the company for Sargent's mural painting of the disciples.

AFTER one's feelings have been drawn taut by such serious pictures, it is a distinct comfort to unbutton the emotional vest over Douglas Fairbanks in "The Nut." He is not quite a D'Artagnan, either, for he is rather inclined to do foolish things that keep the heroine busy turning up her nose at him. And he imposes on her credulity, introducing wax-work dummies to her as prominent society folk, which isn't being done in the best romantic circles. But he is driven to desperate expedients because, in the story which Kenneth Davenport wrote, the young woman is obsessed with the idea of getting noted persons interested in her charity schemes to regenerate young America at parlor parties, and refuses to marry him until he can induce important people to work hand in glove with her. Of course, a crook posing as a swell, gets her in his clutches, and the young man has to drag her through the furnace flues of a house before she sees the light of reason.

A mixture of melodrama and hokum, this film is more mechanical than most of Fairbank's cinema sprees, but the sight of the inventive hero being catapulted to his bath and dressed in three moves by machinery is sufficient to arouse the envious laughter of most mortals who wrestle their way into their habiliments. The device of having a dummy cop hold up traffic is highly diverting, without reflecting on the municipal police force. The titles are sometimes tenuous, but Douglas' smile is as energetic as ever, and his personality the same blue streak.

Portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

LUCY FOX

This pensive and pulchritudinous person is considering the relative merits of screen and stage. After having achieved film stardom in "Empire Diamonds" and "Rush for Millions," she is thinking of new worlds to be conquered in the legitimate.

Just as Mark Twain sought to bring the sixth century up-to-date with his satire, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," as done in the films, modernizes Twain's book itself with motor cycles, tin lizzies and the inevitable flivver joke. The titles for this picture are even funnier than the sight of ancient knights of the Round Table shooting craps

David W Griffith, who pointed the searchlight of his projection machine at Thomas Burke in "Broken Blossoms," essays once again to preserve the English author in celluloid with "Dream Street." This newest Griffith picture, while not an exact transcription, centres around several of Burke's Limehouse characters, so, of course, there is a Chinaman in it. Carol Dempster is the bit of daintiness who starts the emotions whirring

MEDIEVAL AND MODERN ENGLAND IN NEW PICTURES

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE

(Above).—Scene in "The Shepherd in the Distance," by Holland Hudson, staged by Park French at the Little Theatre, Denver, Colo.

(Right)
Miss Gertrude McGuire in "The Locked Chest" at the Little Theatre, Denver, Colo.

"The Locked Chest," produced by Park French at the Little Theatre, Denver, Colo. By the use of reversed scenery, exposing the frame work, and very few stage accessories, a distinct atmosphere and an interesting stage picture has been achieved.

The *Mask and Bauble*, of the University of Illinois solved the problem of *atmosphere* in staging "The New York Idea," in a simple, yet most effective way. Against the background of curtains of a gray-blue tone, they placed reversible screens, down stage at right and left, as conventional entrances, striking a characteristic note of color in each scene

Dramatics at the University of Illinois

WHEN the *Mask and Bauble* of the University of Illinois, announced the presentation of Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea," many of us who knew and liked the play were curious to see how well it carried its fourteen years, whether it had lost much of its heralded brilliancy, and especially how it would go with college amateurs. From this last point of view, it presented certain problems, of which the two most important were these: how well could the sophisticated, horsey, whiskey-and-soda atmosphere of the play be reproduced by youthful, unsophisticated actors of the corn belt, and how were the three rather elaborate interiors to be done with a limited treasury?

The problem of atmosphere was solved in the simplest way. There wasn't any—at least, not any of Langdon Mitchell's atmosphere. That was not to be hoped for. Undoubtedly, the crisp, dashing ease of this type of society play is just what no group of very young beginners can accomplish. It was quite impossible to imagine oneself within a thousand miles of the Bronx. Nevertheless, the play got along well enough without its atmosphere. That proved, luckily, that it was not so dependent on locality as one might suppose from reading it. As to the other problem, of dressing the stage for three sets, that too was easily and satisfactorily solved by the conventional use of curtains of a gray-blue tone. Against this neutral background each scene showed a characteristic note of color, suggested mainly by reversible screens placed down stage at right and left as conventional entrances. The stage pictures were excellent, especially for the second act. From the point of view of stage setting, this performance was quite the most artistic of any that *Mask and Bauble* has done.

The general effect was—we were about to say, "highly creditable," but that phrase has been sadly overworked in criticising amateur dramatics; flatly, then, the general effect was excellent. Considering that less than three weeks were given up to rehearsals, that twelve of the cast were brand new, and that the play had to be mercilessly cut in order to bring it within two hours and a quarter, the results spoke well for the coach, Mrs. C. A. Gille, and the crew who loyally worked for her. If the proper test for an amateur performance, as for a professional, is that the audience shall be amused, the play was a success. The quick response to the points of the dialogue proved that.

A BRIEF survey of what our sports reporters call "the game by innings," will show other amateurs who may be considering the play a few things to look out for. The first act was quickened by heavy cutting and short pace entrances and exits. In the second act the scene between Cynthia and John Karslake carried over well. We might call attention to the fact that it is upon the scenes between these two that the success of the play depends. If they go well, the rest will take care of itself. The third act went best of all. It is itself a succession of highly amusing quarrels, and it was done with spirit. The fourth act, difficult because it is quiet and anticlimactic, went much better than expected. Fiddler, the horse trainer, can do a good deal to help this act through.

Of individual performances, the important rôles of Cynthia Karslake, John Karslake, Vida Phillimore, and Philip Phillimore were in the hands of members of the club. They were all capably done. Of the newcomers, a good word should be spoken for Francis Traut as Fiddler, but the most promising find was Valentine Newmark, who played Cates-Darby.

MASK AND BAUBLE has, for several seasons past, given two major performances, one in the fall at Homecoming and one in the early spring. Lately, a kind of policy has grown up of giving a farce of the popular American type at Homecoming and a more serious play about Easter. Thus, while the left hand sacrificed to the Sacred Nine, the right hand poured libations to the great god Pep. Against "The Mob," and "Passers By," were balanced "Bunker Bean," and "A Pair of Queens." This year the custom of a cheap farce at Homecoming has been broken by "The New York Idea." The fall play should always be festive, but it need not be buffoonery.

Another phase of the club's activities has given a keener pleasure to serious theatre fans in the community than the two big performances. A few years ago the Dramatic Hours were launched. These are picked-up performances of one-act plays, without scenery, before invited audiences. They come irregularly, about once a month, and the plays to date include: Dunsany's "Lost Silk Hat," and "Fame and the Poet"; Cannan's "Mary's Wedding"; Down's "The Maker of Dreams," and Middleton's "The Gargoyle." There is a workshop spirit about these Hours, a sense of informal experiment which is very agreeable.

Since the organization of the clubs, the following fall and spring performances have been given: "The Rivals," "The Lion Rampant," "The Servant in the House," "Monsieur D'Orr," "The Country Gentleman," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Gentleman from Mississippi," "Higher Up," "The Great Galeoto," and others of equal interest.

A presentation of "The Mikadō" by the students of the High School at Findlay, Ohio, under the direction of Prof. R. R. Richards.

(Left)
Mr. Philip T. Hummel and Mr. Gerald P. Van Arnam are the "ladies" in the scene from "Pretty Please," recently presented by the Puff and Powder Club of Kenyon College. Mr. James M. Wade played the part of "Richard Cutler."

Captain Kidd, that picturesque buccaneer of fact and fancy, recently came to life again, and in no less strange a place than staid, correct old Boston. But instead of terrorizing Tremont Street, he confined his activities to "The Late Mr. Kidd," a musical comedy presented by the Pi Eta Society of Harvard. Above, a group of fascinating show "girls" from the play.

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Inc.

THE part that community drama plays in the interpretation of history has been emphasized in this country during the past year as perhaps it never has been before. Certain it is, the charm and color of long ago costumes, the wisdom of old years and the pictures of certain of the towering events of the past may weave into the present, in the play form, a pattern of the most vivid interest and delight. So the City History Club of New York in its special annual celebration day—February 22nd—felt that it was only through some form of dramatic development that their program would actually reach and hold the people.

All the youthful actors in this scene from the "Pageant of Pilgrims' which was staged in the Ghetto of New York were foreigners

Since this is inauguration year, it seemed to the club fitting that New York City should celebrate the inauguration of the first president of the United States which occurred in Old Federal Hall. Accordingly, a pageant play dealing with the inaugural ceremonies of George Washington was presented in the auditorium of The American Museum of Natural History, the entire staff of the museum co-operating.

The City History Club requested the assistance of the Drama Department of New York Community Service, of which May Pashley Harris is the director, in the production of the spectacle play. The historic data, collected by Mrs. Rose of the City History Club, was assembled in pageant form by Mrs. Harris, who wrote the dialogue and speeches and directed the production. Mr. Van de Wall of Community Service Music Department took over the training of the three special songs, the *Cantata,* sung at Trenton; the *Ode Song,* at Murray's Wharf, and *Yankee Doodle.*

The pageant, which is called "The George Washington Pageant," followed very closely the development of the first inauguration ceremony. A miniature Father Knickerbocker acted as interpreter throughout, introducing each episode.

Episode I gave the announcement to Washington at Mt. Vernon, of his election to the presidency. *Episode II* presented part of the special celebration in Trenton as Washington was on his way to New York City. Thirteen Colonial Maidens strewed flowers in his path and sang the *Cantata* written for the occasion. *Episode III* reproduced, in part, the reception at Murray's Wharf when a salute of thirteen guns was fired and a procession of state and city dignitaries gathered to greet the president-elect. *Episode IV* reproduced the inauguration ceremony on the balcony of Federal Hall. An interesting feature of this episode was a bit of the very railing from the balcony at Federal Hall. This formed the front of the balcony in the pageant. The railing is now in the possession of the Historical Society of New York, and was loaned for the occasion.

Episode V reproduced a scene from one of the dancing assemblies, a popular form of social activity in old New York. Among people of prominence who were in attendance were Vice-President and Mistress Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Governor Clinton of New York; the Mayor of New York, and his Excellency, the President and Madame Washington. The scene ended in the dancing of the minuet with the finale of Liberty joining hands with Washington as Father Knickerbocker declaims.

* * *

ANOTHER historical production arousing popular interest in New York was the "Pageant of Pilgrims," by Esther Willard Bates, also presented this season by New York Community Service for The Educational Alliance.

It was given in the Ghetto. All of the actors were foreigners.

In her adaptation of the pageant Mrs. Harris drew an analogy between the Jewish Pilgrims in their five big migrations to this country, and the quest of the Pilgrims in the Mayflower. Particular reference was made to the Jewish peoples coming in our times from Spain, Portugal, Holland, France, Austria, Germany, Russia, Greece, Turkey and Morocco. This idea was expressed by pantomime and processional of the immigrants, themselves, in their own flowing, native costumes, accompanied by speech on the part of the Interpreter.

The performance, arranged for with New York Community Service by Dr. Fleischman, Executive Secretary of the Educational Alliance, was given at the Strauss Auditorium. It was repeated five times. Hundreds of people were turned away each evening.

The audience, comprised mainly of older men and women—all foreigners—with little, if any knowledge of English, sat spell bound before the scenes of 1620 unfolded in the pageant; scenes which interpreted America to them in a new light, and gave them a new sense of comradeship and mutual struggle with the pioneer settlers—their English brothers. One hundred and fifty people—old and young, took part in the pageant.

"When first we met in massed rehearsal," said Mrs. Harris, who personally directed every feature of the production, "the younger people resented the presence of the older men and women. Those of us who are meeting the situation here in the raw, see with dismay that widening gulf between the younger generation growing up in this country and the parents who have come as immigrants.

"When, however, the young people saw how enthusiastically their parents were received and honored in each performance, they were pleased and surprised. It helped to make them comrades with each other." The grey-haired mothers and fathers of fifty and sixty, gradually caught the spirit of play. As the curtain went down for what was thought to be the last time at the third performance, all the brightly garbed Jewish Pilgrims—men and women—joined hands and danced about the stage. It was a brilliant picture. The audience cheered and cheered.

One musician, a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra, said that in his sixteen years of life in the Ghetto, there had never been anything that gripped the East Side as this did.

* * *

POSTS of the American Legion throughout the country are taking an active interest in Community drama. Producing shows "to make money" musical comedies, minstrel shows and one-act comedies—this is becoming a permanent feature of the program of many posts this season planning to furnish their own quarters.

At DuBois, Pennsylvania, American Legion Post Montgomery No. 17, recently presented a unique musical comedy, entitled "Oo-La-La." This "doughboy drama" as it was termed, was written by John Beardslee Carrigan and directed by Francis Russell, both of the staff of Community Service, (Inc).

The theatre was packed on the opening night and everybody came back to see the second performance. The crack Legion orchestra was especially developed for the occasion under the direction of J. Herbert Lowe. By means of this entertainment, Montgomery Post raised an adequate equipment fund for its new quarters.

* * *

A DRAMATIC club has been organized at Fitzgerald, Ga, which has as its announced purposes: pleasure and development along artistic and dramatic lines; the fostering of talent where-ever found; working in harmony with and for the support of all Community interests. The club is preparing an interesting summer program.

(*Continued on page* 448)

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan

ELISE BARTLETT who will soon appear in a new comedy "The Young Mr. Dudley" has a penchant for French frocks. Black and white predominate in a number of daytime costumes she has just received from Boué Soeurs, with the pastel colorings confined to evening gowns. At a recent afternoon function Miss Bartlett wore this smart black taffeta from Boué, with the apron tunic of ecrue fish net fashioned along new lines

Ira Hill Studio

JEANNE EAGLES of in "The Night Watch" fame.

Becomes famous for her smart new wardrobe!

Photos by
Ira Hill Studio

A cicular skirt cut on this order is very new, and secures the necessary irregular swing of the hem line. Here it is fashioned of deep mauve twill with contrasting touches of blue and mauve in the pipings and girdle. There is a dainty panel underbodice of batiste

Over the black meteor frock, Miss Eagles wears this adorable coat-wrap of black satin and kolinsky with a very novel and becoming circular cape and voluminous collar arrangement. A long tie belt of satin obtains the smart silhouette

(At top)

It seems we will not tire of black this season, especially when it appears with white charmeuse in a smart summer suit like the above. The coat hangs loose like a Mandarin, with white appearing in the lining and in the classic embroidery of the sleeve

Black meteor satin showing the crêpe side, makes the body of a very chic frock, and offers its glistening blackness for the full side inserts which are attached to the side edges of the skirt. A twisted rope of satin and crêpe swings about the waist, forming a long bodice effect

MARGUERITE NAMARA who is to sing "Louise" next season with the Chicago Opera Company, sails for London and Monte Carlo, with her golden voice and trunks full of ravishing frocks.

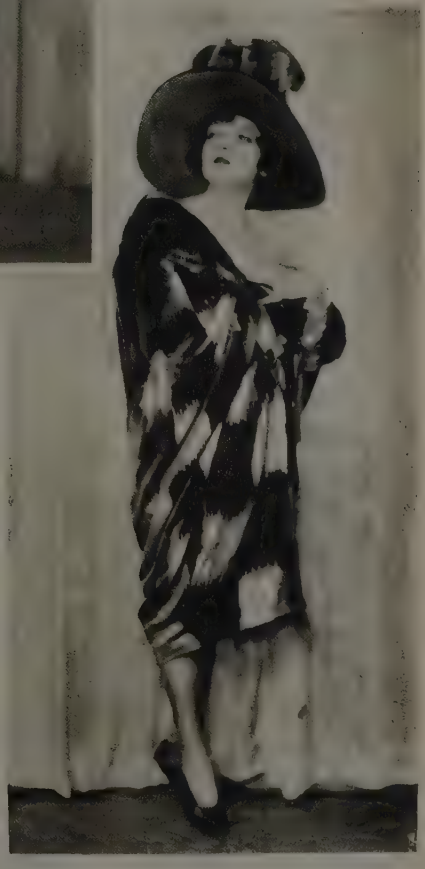
An evening gown made entirely of woven pearls on tulle over silver cloth! It clings in a lovely silhouette, and is made even more effective with a fan accessory of unusual beauty—bunches of straight ostrich on tortoise shell gives the appearance of a palm leaf

(Lower panel)

Proving that Mme. Namara is slim, she wears with great chic, a suit of beige broadcloth, embroidered in dark brown squares to simulate a plaid

Photos by
Ira Hill Studio

Namara loves to wear the slimpsiest sort of frocks, which necessitates a warm wrap—one of her favorites in black Caracul and Vicuna cloth, lined throughout with henna, and decorated with gold thread. The Lewis hat is of jet hung with Chantilly lace



Lanvin makes a tête de nègre velvet evening wrap of unusual beauty. Splashes of embossed silver design a huge checkerboard effect, and monkey fur makes an adroit framing for the huge beige hat, with shaded beige plumes. Feathers placed high in front of the hat is a revived style

Through th

By
PAULINE MORC

ROMANCE—

It is difficult for anyone to think of fashions or any worldly thing when viewing this poignantly touching play—one enters entirely into the realm of romance where lovely old-fashioned frocks seem to be the necessary accompaniment—and one understands why it is that the fashion makers are subtly and successfully reviving the full skirt, the slim bodice, and the absurd tilted *chapeau* which have not yet been worn, but which undoubtedly will be worn! And the lace mitt which we have so repeatedly endorsed as a graceful accessory for summer frocks, is an appropriate detail of the quaint costumes in the play.

Doris Keane stepped like a beautiful old portrait into the play and proved the witchery of the 1860 fashions. She likewise, convinced us there was no costume so effective as that of black and white! For instance, when she removes the three-quarter length ermine wrap we have shown in the sketch, Miss Keane stands revealed in a severe black velvet—long, full skirt and tight-fitting basque. The square-cut neck, encircled with a several yard long pearl necklace, the heavy drop pearl earrings, the cameo pin and the bracelet of narrow black velvet ribbon tied in a bow, is a picture and suggestion to every woman who is looking for effective costumery. In the last act, when Miss Keane returns to her apartment after the opera, her maid attires her in a negligée of ravishing rose velvet and lace—too voluminous for practical purposes with its yards and yards of creamy lace, but a model that could be modified for present day use.

NICE PEOPLE—

Fine feathers do make fine looking birds and young chickens, but whether the fineness is innate or a veneer, remains an interesting surmise in real life, as well as in this very clever society play! It is beautifully costumed, and the very worldly young débutantes fling aside any handicap of convention, from start to finish of the racy little play. Francine Larrimore wears exquisite Lucile gowns, and makes her first appearance in a girlish creation of silver net over silver cloth. The skirt banded daintily with narrow rows of pastel ribbon, is distended in quaint bouffant style, and suspended in front from rhinestone shoulder straps which form a deep yoke over the crystal camisole, embroidered and girdled in mauve.

Two delicious gowns worn by Miss Cornell and Miss Bankhead we also show in the sketch—they are delightful suggestions for the dinner and theatre hour. Miss Bankhead's pale blonde beauty was enhanced in a flesh colored chiffon, sashed with silver and trimmed with pearl strands and grapes. The skirt has an unusual draping, with a bodice cut exceedingly décollet in front and under the arm. Miss Cornell's dinner gown of rose velvet boasts the newest sort of a neckline, and it created a lot of talk; the skirt quite plain and slightly full remains demure, but the bodice is unique with a back panel which continues over the shoulders to form a unique armhole. Crescent motif of gold fringe embroider the skirt, with the decoration repeated in a shoulder armlet. Again we noted with interest, the vogue for wearing plain, sheer hosiery with satin slippers to match.

Opera Glass

KITTY GORDON'S NEW FROCKS—

No sooner had Kitty Gordon decided to sail for the south of France, than she was persuaded to undertake a whirlwind vaudeville engagement in the United States; and along with this plan, of course, came a veritable fashion show. Exclamations of delight greeted her various entrances, for with each event came ravishing costumes to dazzle the eye with the extremeness of styles, but at the same time, to intrigue us with the possibilities of adaptations! With unerring style instinct, Miss Gordon selected three silhouettes entirely different, but absolutely correct in their versatility.

In the middle sketch, for instance, is shown the bouffant fashion—black lace over gold cloth pantaloons! The trouser effect is so ample, however, that it would resemble a slim skirt were it not for the tightened effect below the knee; at this point the gold cloth swathes the legs to the ankle, where it fits over the instep with a gold band. This extreme fashion is softened with a wide gold cloth panel in front, which is gathered into a heavy gold tassel. To the left of this, is shown a creation in grey chiffon and diamond fringe in the fashionable "shredded" effect, and flying panels of grey ostrich introduce a clever new note. The fragile bodice leaves the body bare around and below each arm to the waistline, which is another new note in décollete rulings. More subdued, but highly favored by the gentlewoman is the clinging gown sketched at the right—geranium velvet, wrapping the figure closely, and framed with a glorious train lined with mauve chiffon!

FLORENCE WALTON—CHICAGO—

Florence Walton at the Drake, is winning Chicago with her midnight dancing—her winsome charm and her limitless wardrobe of smart frocks and accessories! The hotel has become a rendez-vous for the élite, and has already established a reputation for exclusive functions where fashionably dressed women defy any sartorial criticism from Paris or New York. Miss Walton is constantly introducing new gowns from Callot, Lanvin, and other famous couturiers of Paris—she typifies the Parisienne in every detail of dress, and one needs only to watch these charming appointments to be assured of the Paris fashion rulings.

A daytime frock of extreme simplicity is made of the ultra-fashionable black Georgette crepe, embroidered in coral and white beads with coral stitchery. The entire garment is loose—in one piece and slips over the head; then it ties snugly about the waist with a narrow girdle of black crepe. And the sleeves! —loose, long and shapeless, yet they are the fashion! Such an adorable chapeau is part of this costume, made by Lanvin, of green and coral horse-hair and circled with a wreath of pale yellow grapes. Her latest dancing frock is sketched at the right, and one can't deny that it is chic and novel! It is a Callot gown, as fresh and fragrant as the rose garden and grape arbor it suggests. The foundation of the gown is tea rose pink with floating tendrils and sprays of red cherries which cling in mysterious ways to the full skirt of tulle. Now and then, shaded red roses appear to enhance the illusion of a dainty garden. Narrow black velvet bands strap the shoulders and descend in long loops to the edge of the skirt.

Frieda Hempel's Home

THE graceful elegance of French furniture has made it the most favored style in American interior decoration, but with its allure it has a formality and aloofness that makes its adaptation in a livable room difficult. In Miss Hempel's sun flooded apartment overlooking the Central Park lakes the gap between the formality of the Louis' and the ease of a very personal home is bridged by intimate groups of small decorative objects that are characteristic of the period, yet have a casual friendliness.

The Orient that so fascinated the Eighteenth Century has contributed many of these exquisite bits, porcelains, enamels, jades. But France herself has originated many, delicate miniatures, painted fans, gay china pieces.

Miss Hempel loves light and space and air so fresh, clear colors, the colors of spring flowers are on walls and floors and furniture.

The result is a home that is dignified but personal, with formal beauty but with livable charm.

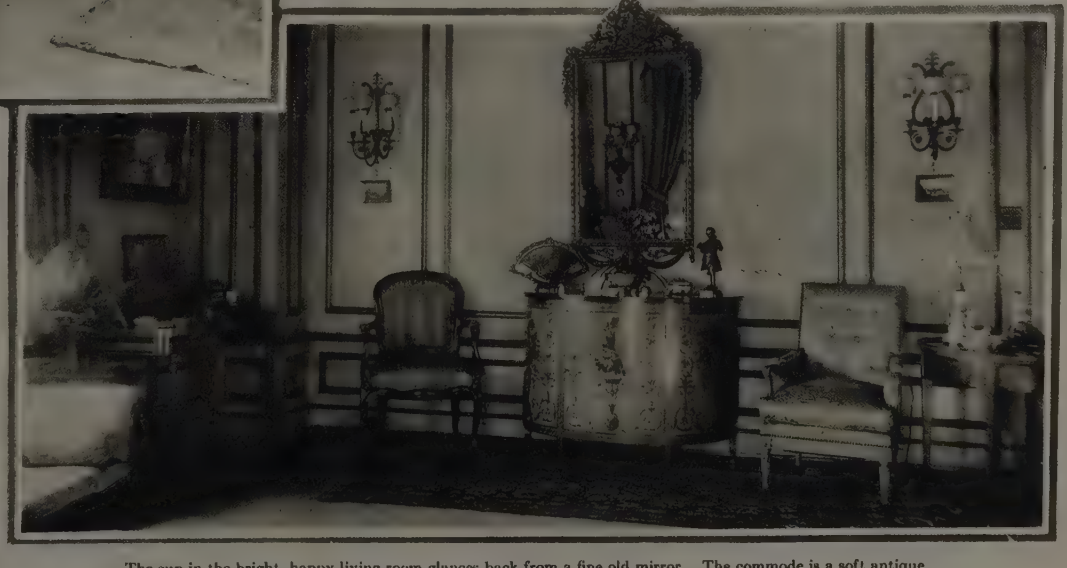
(Above)
About the mantelpiece in the corner of the living room is hung part of Miss Hempel's collection of miniatures. The small Louis XVI divan is a very charming and characteristic piece.

(Above).—The art of France in the late Eighteenth Century was essentially feminine. All the charm and grace of the beauties of Versailles is in Miss Hempel's silk and lace hung bedroom.

The *gros point* on the chair at the left is Miss Hempel's own work. For a half dozen years and more this piece of needlework has traveled back and forth across the continent, back and forth across the ocean, many thousands of miles, ready to be picked up in an idle moment. The design is taken from one of the most famous French Gothic *mille fleurs* tapestry sets that is in the Cluny Museum, The Lady and the Unicorn. Miss Hempel has wrought the difficult details of small flowers, elaborate dress patterns and tiny faces with exceeding skill.

(Right)
The slender, but architecturally strong Louis XVI furniture in the dining room carries a pattern touched with gold.

(Circle)
In the hall Queen Anne red lacquer contrasts vividly with the black and white tile carpet. On the table two Kien Lung porcelain Kwannon in dainty patterned robes guard a green jade plant.



(Above)
In the writing room one group of furniture is focused about the delicate Louis XVI walnut desk with the old carved and gilded mirror above. The shield in the back of the Empire chair is a skilful conventionalization of a swan. The little bronze on the desk is Gregoire's statue of Mozart.

The sun in the bright, happy living room glances back from a fine old mirror. The commode is a soft antique green and the chairs are covered with rose-violet brocade. An old painted fan introduces a touch of gold.

Beauty Goes A-Week-Ending

By ANGELINA

A cape of green "Scotweed," true to the best Paris form of the minute in being both short and sleeveless, with revere of white

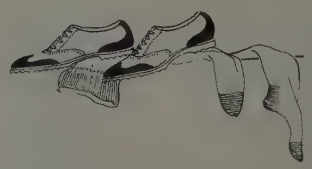
DON'T you love getting "behind the scenes"? By this time you must realize how much I do! By "behind the scenes," I mean not only actually, but theoretically. That is, not alone the going back of the stage and into the dressing-rooms, but knowing the inside workings, generally, of what others only see the outside effects, acquiring special "tips" on things. It gives one such a superior feeling. . . .

* * *

This predilection dates back, I believe, to my schoolgirl days, before I had any real, exciting parties of my own—we were held in; much more strictly in the pre-war period—and when I was graciously permitted by my older cousins to creep into a corner of the room and watch them preparing for a party and hear the gossip. So utterly happy was I at this assisting at the toilet of beauty that I can't remember sighing to be grown up and out in the world, too. And even now, I have a vicarious pleasure at assisting someone off on a jaunt, as much fun in imagination as if I were actually to be of the party. . . .

This happened with Miss Rubye de Remer, the other Friday afternoon. She was preparing to motor into Jersey for the week-end and I happened to be in the apartment, having dropped in and been invited for lunch. As she and the maid flew around making ready, I, knowing what was best for me, sat on the side lines and admired. Good reason why! Rubye de Remer was the favorite picked by M. Paul Helleu, the famous French artist, as "the most beautiful woman in America."

And as if that were not enough by itself, she has the prettiest taste in clothes . . . Especially sport things. But then the most attractive clothes now, to my mind, *are* sport things. And get more so all the time. And more and more women are adopting them. . . for more and more places. You'd be surprised where it is considered perfectly good *chic* to wear sport clothes nowadays. The fashion having been established primarily by the women whom it is absolutely known can have everything in the way of clothes they wish, there is no reason to suppose their wearing comes about because you have nothing else. It's just that they're so easy and graceful and becoming . . . and fit in with the spirit of the times.



Sport shoes of charm and comfort, having suede in grey or beige combined with dark brown or gunmetal leather. One's silk stockings match the suede

Miss de Remer and I said as much as she dressed. "A year or two ago if I were going off on a week-ender like this," she observed, "I should be boring myself trying to take all sorts of stuff . . . Now all I do is to put an extra blouse and some undies in an overnight bag and call it a day. Then I can give the whole of my mind to having a good time."

Miss de Remer's easily knit scarf, of Minerva yarn, the trick of its chic being that it is knit lengthwise instead of across

And what was Miss de Remer wearing exactly? Firstly—*pièce de résistance*—a sport suit of dark green "Scotweed," a material which I must pause to demonstrate, as Miss de Remer demonstrated it for me. It is the latest note for sport. Made of all pure worsted, of the very finest imported quality, it looks like a superior wool jersey fabric. But it must be distinguished from that, because it is quite different in other respects. It is a *knit* fabric, done by a new machine process which makes it better in every way than a woven one for sport. The evenness of the knitting gives a material that never sags, never shrinks, never wrinkles. It can be carried in a bag and shaken out without pressing. It takes to tailoring like a duck to water. Can you imagine a more ideal fabric?

* * *

AND that's that! You may see the smart little model that is in the sketch below, with its narrow belt buckling with a polished steel buckle—buckling on one side that its shiny self may not be obscured by the lace and muslin frill above. Dark green in color, I said the suit was . . . Then for contrast there was an adorable sport hat of nile green ribbon with dark green velvet ribbon turning over the brim at intervals.

For shoes. . . quite the best-looking sport pair I have seen . . . a greyish-beige suede, tipped and heeled in dark brown leather. Stockings of greyish-beige silk to match, for Miss de Remer's fawn-like ankles, at whose slenderness, M. Helleu so marvelled. (I saw him stoop down and test their diameter by spanning an ankle with his thumb and middle finger, which just met).

Lastly, there was a most unusual looking sport scarf, knit by Miss de Remer, herself, in odd studio moments. In case you care to have one like it, here is the trick. Knit your scarf lengthwise, instead of across, putting 210 stitches on the needle, which brings your scarf to about a yard and a half long. And be sure to use the "Minerva Lustre Yarn" which has a silky finish. With this and the "lengthwise" process you obtain a novel scarf that has the added merit of not pulling out of shape.

The Story of a Friendly Little Shop

Told again on the occasion of "The Gift Shop of Fifth Avenue" entering its new shop on the south-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, diagonally across from the Union League Club.

SHOPS, as they grow large, often lose in their growing, the personality which has been responsible for their first success.

So the story of Ovington's and of its new home is told here to show to you something of the spirit that pervades the place; to display, if we can, the personality which has been undisturbed by growth—the unique character which makes Ovington's so outstanding.

Seventy-five years ago, Ovington's was neither large nor famous. It was a young shop in those days—back when Polk was President, but it displayed, even then, the same two characteristics through which it has grown and grown.

First—charming things at sound values

In those days money was dear and goods were cheap, and the housewives of the day were thrifty.

And had Ovington's been founded upon any other than the principle of substantial values, it would, then, have withered before it bloomed.

But wither it did not. Grow it did. And the judgment of what was charming and unique, combined with judgment of good values, has made it grow and grow throughout the years.

Always, too, it was a friendly little shop—a shop where no haughty attendants urged its patrons to buy; a shop where hostesses of three generations felt free to come, to compare and to consider.

The new shop—Fifth Avenue at 39th Street

The shop grows: The spirit remains unchanged

Ovington's has greatly grown since 1846. Now it is in its new home—its home for many years to come. Its offerings are more varied, more distinctive than ever.

Today, distinctive lamps and shades, odd furniture, sturdy Sheffield and mirrors of good line and above all, the smartest of gifts may be had—as well as the fine china and glassware.

But the spirit of friendliness, of unobtrusive welcome and help is still here. The old, old idea of good values, good taste and good choice is with us yet.

You are always welcome at 438 Fifth Avenue.

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Fifth Avenue at 39th Street

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Chic Fashions

BETTY CARPENTER, a clever Paramount screen actress, emphasizes the effective drooping feather fashion. Two long uncurled ostrich plumes in black and white are laid over the crown, cascading over the shoulder in becoming laciness.

Marjorie Daw poses in a youthful wedding gown of white satin and Spanish lace. The veil and headdress offers a charming suggestion to the June bride

LILYAN TASHMAN, appearing in the screen production "Experience," has a keen sense of style values. It is evidenced in this smart afternoon gown of black Canton crêpe with an overskirt of black net embroidered in white silk braid. The embroidered figures suggest grape clusters with delicate traceries of mauve braid as shadowy leaves. A black jet turban trimmed in uncurled ostrich is very striking.

THE WORLD OUT-OF-DOORS

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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND THE YOUNGER SET

HAVE BEEN LAVISHLY ASSEMBLED, IN ANTICIPATION OF THE INEVITABLE DEMAND; AND AUGMENTATIONS ARE ARRIVING EVERY DAY. ALL OF WHICH REMINDS ONE THAT IT IS TIME TO BEGIN PROVIDING FOR THE REQUIREMENTS OF A SEASON "UNDER THE SKY"

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FIFTH AVENUE - MADISON AVENUE
THIRTY-FOURTH AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREETS
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MAIL SERVICE LITERATURE MAILED UPON REQUEST

HIRONDELLE — An original Boué Soeurs creation, black with grey nuance: jet mosaic embroidery. Train of a special Boué Soeurs metallic fabric of silvery lustre with black velvet. Pouffe of tango plumes.

WHEN the sprightly genius of Boué Soeurs abandons itself to the lure of butterflies and roses, the result is a collection of enchanting creations, filmy as moon mists, irresistible as summer moods. A presentation is given daily from eleven to one and from three to five.

BOUÉ SOEURS

9 Rue de la Paix, Paris

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White lace with shadow design over a tight black charmeuse skirt makes a winsome summer frock. The transparent cap carries a butterfly bow of white lace

AS LONG AS THE WORLD GOES ON, SO WILL LACE CONTINUE TO CHARM US

LACE frocks there must be in the summer wardrobe, either in white, pastel or cire, dyed laces being noticeably smart. They are almost invariably bouffant, sometimes with many flounces, or again as transparent as a bubble, showing the slim silhouette of the body. The style is practical too, and will stand repeated wearings. With many of these charming frocks, the lace shawl is worn, arranged according to fancy over a skimp bodice. When the shawl is not of lace, it is of crêpe and heavily fringed, either as a Spanish shoulder cape; or when it is long and heavy, one wraps themselves in an alluring Spanish silhouette.

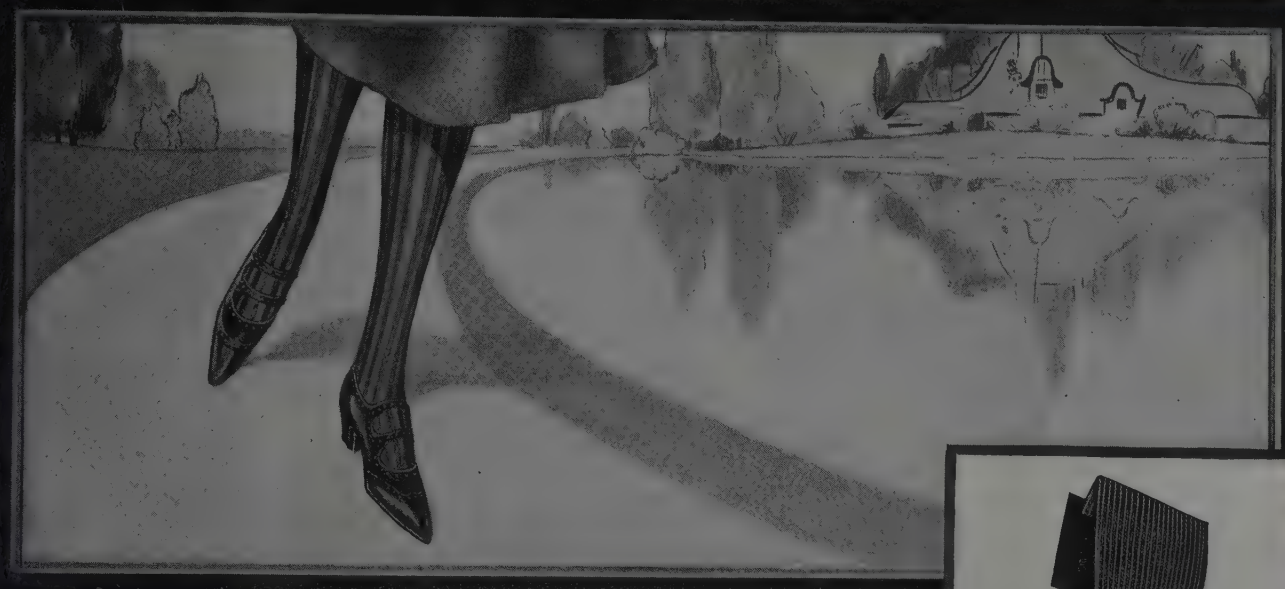
Outer wraps are of brocaded chiffon edged with Chantilly, and hats of course aid further grace with drapings of lace; the transparent hat is always enchanting, some of the newest models decorated with drooping fruit and feathers beneath the brim. The best dressed women do not wear a veil drawn tightly across the face, but edge the brim with lace or fringe as the smart substitute.

All of the French summer hats exploit brims of tremendous proportions, but they are suprisingly becoming with the smart summer costume. Red straw hats are in high favor made of horsehair braid or cellophane. Turbans of crêpe or brocade swathed in Persian or Indian manner, are fascinating headdresses for evening.

For sportswear, there is the tweed suit if one wishes to be trimly tailored, and Angora in stunning knitted models with fringe at the bottom if one wishes to be exceedingly chic. The two piece jersey is very correct for golf and tennis. One of the smartest sports hats of the season, designed at the Jay-Thorpe establishment is of black felt with a rather high folded crown and slightly irregular narrow brim splashed with a small drooping pheasant feather.

Sashes are still very important, made of organdie, crêpe or lace, and the irregular hem outline introduced by Vionnet. Floating side panels persist in floating below the hem line, usually attached to a deep girdle.

One-piece linen frocks smartly tailored or embroidered in bright wools are shown at the smartest couturiers for daytime wear—the sleeves are all lengths with high upstanding cuffs of organdie or batiste.



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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WHEN people start on that ever-popular subject, as to which physic attribute of a woman reveals most clearly her real age, the discussi generally narrows down in the end to the two camps of the chin and t hands.

Some believe that you can have every other attribute of youth, but your chin line sags or puffs, the jig is up. While others say that the lo of the hands is the true gauge of a youthful appearance. So long as y manage to keep those looking young, you can defy the world. But if th have failed to keep pace with the rest of your youthful impersonation, y are betraying that it is no more than impersonation at every turn.

This latter view seems to be gaining new adherents every day. Certain much more attention is being paid to hands by American women today th ever before. The signposts that short sleeves were—pointing markedly defects or qualities—began it, we suppose. And then American women ca to realize the value and importance of hands in themselves, as assets beauty.

We must confess they have been rather long in coming to see th Hands on the other side of the water have always been much more value Perhaps because every race is more given to gesture than ours. When w say, American women, however, we exempt the actress. She knows ho important are hands and gestures, how much they show. She calculates a nicety what we might call their "fascination value." That is, she do if she is a real actress, who understands her art.

Take Theresa Maxwell Conover, for instance, playing in "Honeydew" the road. She has the advantage of having been dowered by nature wi one of the most beautiful pair of hands on the stage, in which painte and sculptors have delighted. But she doesn't, on that account, imagi that she must not give every care to using them beautifully, to keeping the in beautiful condition. One always finds Mrs. Conover's hands, on or the stage, with skin of satin softness, her almond-shaped nails exquisite polished and tinted.

And how wonderful are the white hands and wrists of Yvette Guilbe with their pinked palms and vivid scarlet nails!

One fact is absolutely true in this matter of hands . . . we have reall been leading up to it all the time. That the appearance of the nails *frightfully important* to make or mar. You can almost *create* a beautif hand simply with beautiful nails—pink, polished, almond-shaped, the litt half-moons showing. You certainly can't imagine such an anomaly as truly beautiful hand without them.

And the most comforting fact about acquiring nails is that it is the simple and quickest of all the beauty cults, given the proper requisites.

You will be interested to know, therefore, as were we, that a particul set of nail preparations, which we have cherished for some time, are the on ones from this country that have been accepted for sale in Paris. Thin what that means in the way of recommendation, knowing how highly t French set store by the superiority of their own toilet preparations! The nail sets come in most attractive little boxes, just the right size for a ba with everything complete, files, bleach, whitener, red paste, and a tru marvellous polish.

Dorothy Phillips, heroine of the super-movie, "Man, Woman, Marriage and here in New York on her way to California tells us of the hap results she had with Mme. Rubinstein's "Sun and Windproof Cream" Palm Beach. It kept her skin in perfectly splendid condition, she said, a she was taking a stock of it to the coast to use on "location."

(If you wish to know the name of these unique nail preparations, wri The Vanity Box, THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th St., New York City*

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"Hinds Honey and Almond Cream as a skin beautifier in my opinion is not excelled by any other cream I have ever used. It has the wonderful quality of soothing the skin after outdoor sports which I and most other women indulge in. I would even go so far as to say it is a necessity on one's dressing table. As a constant user of this cream I can endorse its use to every woman." (Signed) CLAIRE NAGLE

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Try your dealer, but if not obtainable, order of us. We will send postpaid in U. S. and guarantee satisfaction.

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Trial Size of Cream, each 4c. Talc, 2c. Face Powder, sample 2c, or trial, 15c. Soap, 8c. Enclose these amounts, but no foreign stamps.

THE
TRUTH
IN REGARD TO
FACE TREATMENTS

It all depends on what you wish a treatment for the face to be: Whether it is to *benefit* the skin or whether it is to add to its trouble.

If you wish merely to play make-believe with your complexion, there are to accommodate you hundreds of more or less pretentious "make-up parlors" all the way from lofty Fifth Avenue to the humbler down-town sections of New York. It is just as well to be outspoken, since fair words will not butter even the beauty parsnips.

But if intelligently you are looking for something that will make your complexion loyal and your own, then your choice is small. And it is so small because in the whole of that feminine activity known as beauty cultivation there is only one person, who warns you against the fallacy of confusing the complexion with the skin.

That person is Madame Helena Rubinstein, and she tells you pointedly that if you take care of your skin, your complexion will take care of itself. The complexion, in its natural state is only the particular natural coloring of a particular skin. If your skin is in the "pink of condition," your complexion cannot but follow suit. It follows that if your skin does not receive the treatment it is entitled to, you may, just as likely as not, have to spend the rest of your days putting on and taking off your complexion.

And treatment means *proper* treatment. It means treatment that is proper for *you*.

Madame Rubinstein has for so many years been recognized in Paris and London and New York as the Beauty Specialiste *par excellence*, because she, in fact, *specializes*. She cultivates, trains the skin, induces it to work as by Nature's law it should, to unfold the wondrous panoply of its beauty.

Madame Rubinstein's world-known Valaze Beauty Treatments and Preparations for home use have long been depended upon by the great women of the Theatre and Society here and in Europe,—women who cannot afford to fool themselves; women who look upon their beauty not as a mere matter of vanity, which it is not, but as a matter intimately connected with skin health, which it is.

And THAT is the Truth in regard to Beauty Treatments.

Some of Mme. Rubinstein's seasonable preparations for home use are as follows:

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood is a preparation so universally known that it is noticed here merely by way of a reminder as the one support and mainspring of that generally lively and health-bringing skin action without which no woman's complexion can possibly subsist in true beauty for any length of time. It is therefore essential at all seasons of the year and indispensable to every woman whatever her age. In the amazing words of that Empress of Beauty, Miss Maxine Elliott: "Ask me to spell beauty and I shall write V-a-l-a-z-e." Price, $1.25, $2.50, and $7.00 a jar.

Valaze Skin-toning Lotion is an adjunct to the Beautifying Skinfood. It braces and firms the skin and staves off wrinkles. It should always be used to wipe off traces of previously applied creams. $1.25, $2.50 and $5.50.

Valaze Sunproof and Windproof Cream: The most unique of all face preparations, the application of which before going out of doors actually prevents both summer and winter freckles, and preserves the skin's softness and smoothness in spite of most reckless exposure to sun, high winds, strong or sea air. Price, $1.10, $2.20, $3.30 and up.

Valaze Baume Rose is a preparation of the same type as the last, but intended for skins which incline to dryness. Price, $1.75, $3.50, and $6.00 a jar. Both these preparations make excellent foundations for powder.

Creme Anthosoros, a true cream of luxury which originated in the famous French Empire period; restores lissomeness and flawless skin texture around the eyes and eliminates crow's feet; also for dryness of the skin on the throat. Price $1.75, $3.50, $6.00 and up, a jar.

Valaze Beauty Grains: Used instead of soap. Not only represents the best of cleansing methods, but also counteracts any tendency to over-moisture or oiliness and enlarged pores, and ensures to the skin of the face as well as of the hands, and arms, and back a marvellous state of healthy activity, so that the skin fabric is always maintained in a perfect condition of refinement. Wards off blackheads and all clogging of pores. Price $1.25, $2.50 and $5.50.

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste: Dispels blackheads, closes enlarged pores and refines the skin. Used instead of soap. $1.10 and $2.20. The same, No. 2, for conditions of long standing. $1.50, $2.50 and up.

Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream, an outdoor cream ensuring wonderful adhesion of powder: for normal and somewhat oily skins. Price, $1.10, $2.20 and up. **Valaze Cream of Lilies,** another outdoor cream for dry skins. Price, $1.50, $3.00 and $5.50. Both these outdoor creams produce that delightful "mat" tone which is so attractive.

Valaze Whitenor: Unsurpassed for instantaneous whitening of the hands, arms, shoulders, face and darkened throats. Hides discoloration of skin. A boon to dancers, as the whiteness does not rub off on to the black garment of the dancing partner. To remove must be washed off. Price, $1.25, $3.00 and $5.00.

Pause Before Powdering. You should discriminate in the use of face powders or complexion ruin is sure to come. Madame Rubinstein is the only specialiste who supplies face powders for various conditions: Valaze Complexion Powder for greasy or normal skin and Novena Poudre for dry skin. Price, $1.00, $1.50, $2.50, $3.50 and $5.50 a box.

Mme. Rubinstein will gladly answer with greater detail any inquiry as to her specialties.

When ordering goods, kindly add war tax of four cents on the dollar and pro rata. For points west of Mississippi River prices are 5% higher.

An opportunity should never be neglected to consult Mme. Rubinstein regarding the wonderful and exclusive treatments she practises at her various establishments for every conceivable blemish or undesirable condition of the complexion.

Interesting literature will be forwarded on request.

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ECONOMY IN THE THEATRE

(*Concluded from page* 396)

opening may easily be obscured by hangings or a fire-place, if it is not required in the action. The re-arrangement of properties and the use of different colors and fabrics in lamps, draperies, and the like, will suggest without difficulty, a complete change of scene. Certain kinds of furniture are sufficiently decorative and detached from any particular period or estate to be employed in entirely different scenes without destroying the illusion.

MUCH has been written about modern schemes for achieving colorful costumes at small expense. It is, indeed, a poor little theatre which has not a group of tireless and ingenious workers to dye cheap fabrics in alluring colors and cut fascinating designs to be applied to these colors in various ways. Color contrast and contrast in the weights and surfaces of materials are amazingly effective. For instance, a pantomime done entirely in intense blue, black and silver, or one done entirely in orange, purple, and gray, has a tremendous appeal of pure color. Sateen and cheesecloth combined have been known to make the sateen take on the solidity of satin and the cheesecloth the filminess of gauze.

Doubtless, the factor which has contributed most to the achievement of big effects at small expense is the remarkable development in the modern system of stage lighting. Appia is said to "paint with light." Light creates what the little theatres have not—space. Its colors establish the mood of a play in the least obtrusive and therefore surest way. With the regulation foot and border lights, a few bunch lights off stage, and a dimmer—many small productions have been given tremendous sweep and impressiveness. One very economical scheme is to employ a single overhead flood-light with a sliding screen containing various different colored sections.

EVEN the business administration of the theatre has some lessons to learn from the semi-professional. The printing of programs is often obviated by the use of picturesque fore-stage figures and original prologues, while exhibits of original posters and costume designs often stimulate more interest in a production than would the ordinary more costly methods of advertising.

The past season has been prolific in examples of the ideal of artistic simplicity derived largely from little theatre policy and applied to more pretentious Broadway productions. Contrast with the garish magnificence of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's productions of Shakespeare, the presentation of draperies and a few essential properties by Sothern and Marlowe, Rollo Peters, who experimented at length in the establishment of atmosphere and mood by correct scenic investiture, both for the Washington Square Players and the Theatre Guild, evolved a striking example of economy in his setting with a removable central portion for William Faversham's presentation of "The Prince and the Pauper." In both editions of the Greenwich Village Follies various inexpensive fabrics have played a large part in carrying out the really thoughtful and artistic ideas of the costume designers. "Rollo's Wild Oat," now running at the Punch and Judy, shows ultra-simplification, especially in the Hamlet scene where draperies, a platform, and two chairs, with carefully directed lighting, achieve the entire effect.

SPANISH LOVE," with all its riotous color and elaborate scheme of decoration in the body of the theatre, presents all of its three acts against the same stone-colored set with an arch in the middle. In the first act there are two great stone seats beside the archway and a warm blue sky visible through it; in the second act a stone well, a few properties, and one or two brilliant banners transform the set into a courtyard; in the last act the stone background becomes an interior with a candle burning in the blackness of space seen through the archway to suggest an adjoining room. Here, too, we find a Broadway production making the most of the fore-stage. There is a semi-circular platform level with the floor of the house, a wall back of it, and, at the sides, stone steps leading to stage level, where also there are zones of action both before and behind the line of the drop curtain. Entrances are made through the house as well as through the stage entrances, and the flight of the colorful crowd through the boxes and aisles of the theatre at the end of the first act is extraordinarily effective.

A CORRECTION

In the May issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE (*page* 344), we published an article entitled, "The Essence of Drama." Through a misunderstanding, which we regret, the authorship of this article was attributed to Miss Clare Kummer, the well-known and popular playwright. Miss Kummer did not write the article, but merely furnished the material which was intended to be used in the form of an interview.

Of course, those familiar with Miss Kummer's literary style missed in this article her characteristic piquancy, and in justice to Miss Kummer, we hasten to make this correction.

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OF all the gifts which come to gladden her bridal day none will be more delightful than her Amber Pyralin. It is clear and flawless as a topaz. Its soft, golden lustre will be an endearing memento of the giver through years to come. It has that simple beauty of design which never wearies.

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AMBER PYRALIN—sister to the famous Ivory Pyralin—is made in two distinctive patterns and in a variety of beautiful decorations. LaBelle, featuring the exclusive transverse handle, is shown. All patterns are standard, sold in complete sets or single pieces, easy to match at the better stores the country over.

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IT contains all that is new and fresh and beautiful for hand-knitting and crocheting. It's like visiting a world's fashion show; better—because stars from the screen and stage help make its pages entertaining.

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HISTORIC FIGURES ON THE STAGE

(*Concluded from page* 394)

there is such a wide knowledge of his magnificent poetry and there are such marked traditions handed down to the actors about his plays, that they survive. Blank verse is too deep for the swift dramatic clarity of the theatre. It hampers the average play because the audience is slow to grasp the motive in the grand phrasing of the actors.

"It has been said of me, also, that I do not take advantage of my historical themes to use all the characters that are available. There is a thinning out of the traditional historical spectacle, in them. My principle of what a play should be is opposed to the spectacular glare. A close story, an intimate characterization, for our lives are really influenced by so few humans. We see millions, perhaps, in a life-time and four, or five, or even one may have pressed into our lives and stirred or injured them. A play should be a story of just those people, that select gathering of human documents filed away in the record of our lives, somewhere by the recording angel.

"The treatment of my plays has been generous in the extreme, in this country, but critics sometimes do not think deeply enough. For instance, it has been said that the Prologue to 'Mary Stuart' has no relation to the play, so different in fact, that it was suggested that I had not written it. Of course, that is beyond discussion, but the prologue is a beginning of my theme, not the beginning of an historical play. In going to Mary Stuart for sympathy, the husband did what I, or you, or anyone else would do in spiritual perplexity, seek the counsel of some one who had demonstrated a great courage and wisdom, perhaps, in a similar dilemma. We don't tell anyone and everyone our secret problems, we go to some one who will help us to decide for ourselves. The prologue establishes the theme of a woman who has mastered her spiritual perplexities, which is the theme of 'Mary Stuart'; it presents the human problem of the play.

"I am going to finish my Lee play this summer, and then I have an entirely new plan for plays. I'm going to write about the country lanes and by-ways of England. I admit I have a big comedy in mind, not American. On the whole, I think your Broadway has had some distinguished thought in plays this season, though I missed Shaw's 'Heartbreak House.' I liked 'The First Year'; it amused me immensely, and I thought 'Lulu Bett' a remarkable play of a very interesting kind, although there were too many characters and a loosening of the story on that account.

"The novel should never find its way to the theatre. It's an entirely antagonistic form of writing to the stage. You cannot fictionize the stage, you can only realize profoundly that the play is a mere permanent and much wider art than the novel."

Community Dramatics

(*Concluded from page* 430)

THE Inter-Theatre Arts Club is planning to establish an Arts and Crafts Theatre. This latest of the New York organizations to promote Community drama, has its headquarters at The Art Center. Here it prepares and presents original programs and accepts bookings for these programs in other little theatres on the percentage plan.

This Club is comprised of a "work-shop" group of professional workers, in the inter-theatre arts, or arts which play a vital part in the preparation of the production of plays. Their aims are:

To foster and encourage the educational aspects of inter-theatre arts; to develop and encourage the growth of a high standard in the craft side of theatre art, especially in connection with non-commercial dramatic groups, endeavoring to demonstrate with their own productions; to become a medium for original work, in play-writing, designing, construction of settings, dyeing textiles, and all that goes to the mounting of a play. To encourage the bringing to New York of the best original programs from little theatre work shop groups in other cities.

They accept students who wish to work with them on some phase of theatre art.

The Charter Members, who also form the Executive Committee are:

Carl S. Clancy, scenario writer; Elizabeth B. Grimball, author and director, member of Board of Art Alliance, and member of Society of Craftsmen; Meta M. Grimball, artist, designing costumes and sets; Mabel F. Hobbs, dramatic director, Community Service, Inc.; McElbert Moore, of the Harvard Work-shop, musician and writer of plays; John Parker, artist specializing in decoration; Hobart Upjohn, architect, member of the Architectural League; Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas, playwright; Rhea Wells, artist specializing on stage designs.

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Here Dwells Youth

DO you cover up the years—or take them off? Are you young only when your maid gets through with you—or are you young from the inside, out?

Are you afraid to be outdoors in a strong light without your veil? Or is your skin so radiantly young that you can afford to forget all about it?

If you feel you're getting a bit too dependent on make-up, why not give yourself the pleasure of consulting the expert at "Primrose House," where beauty isn't thought of as something artificial, applied—but rather as the natural outcome of sheer youth and exquisite scientific cleanliness? Have you ever tried to mold clay with your fingers? That is just what can be done to the muscles of your face. Primrose House gives Face Molding treatments that will bring back the firm roundness you've lost. It is wonderful what can be done for the contour of your face if you follow this treatment correctly and regularly. It is so simple and and it is really scientfic.

There is tonic for the hair, like nothing else you've ever used. There is a treatment for the hands that works like golden magic. There is instruction in posture from one who has studied for years the relation between the way you stand and the contour of your face and neck.

This isn't just the usual professional venture, this "Primrose House," though the most experienced specialists have been employed in every branch of the work.

This is the Secret!

A group of women, led by Elsie Waterbury Morris, who have traveled and thought and spent thousands of dollars in acquiring information in regard to beauty—for their own use—have now decided to go into business with this information as their capital. They are prepared to serve you.

Some of the recipes these women have tried for years with brilliant success are:

FACE-MOLDING CREAM

A cream with a new purpose—After a hard day's riding or a night's dancing—the social leaders of two continents turn to this cream—to rebuild the facial tissues . . $1.25, $3, $5.

PRIMROSE HOUSE HAND CREAM

Lovely hands—delicately fragrant—soft and smooth are the gift of this cream . . $1, $2.

BALSAM ASTRINGENT

During a trying social season—this makes tired muscles firm—and brings young life to the skin . $4.

PRIMROSE HOUSE HAIR TONIC

From an internationally famous diplomat's wife came this hair tonic—which brought back hair almost entirely destroyed by war and revolution—life giving to the scalp—gloss giving to the hair . $1.50.

There is a little book, too, which they have had prepared, to tell you just how you can really be young in mind and spirit and keep your face young. A note will bring you the book, without charge. Write to

ELSIE WATERBURY MORRIS
Vice-President

PRIMROSE HOUSE
3 East 52d Street New York City

Telephone-Plaza 5347

THE OLD CHORUS GIRL

BY EMILIE INTROPIDI

(*Concluded from page 420*)

of her nose and mouth. In a few moments she was many shades fairer. Loosening her abundant dark hair, she examined it carefully; no gray hair to speak of yet.

"Thank goodness I never dyed my hair! By this time they would have called me the old blonde." Shaking her hair, she massaged her scalp vigorously for a few moments, then she twisted up her hair into a chic knot at the back of her head, penciled her eyebrows, and touched up the corners of her eyes. Then, with a self-satisfied smile, she nodded to herself in the glass. "You'll pass muster in a crowd, old girl." Turning to the bed, she shook up the pillows and settled herself among them, careful not to disarrange her hair.

"When I've landed a job—"

At that moment, there was a knock, and before she could answer, the door opened and her next room neighbor entered. She was a pretty, fair woman with blue eyes that matched the color of her dress. A smart hat was perched at a becoming angle, and the flaring white collar set off the white throat. Stripping off the long white gloves, she hung them over the foot of the bed to dry. Lil handed her the palm leaf fan. Tenderly lifting the white collar, she fanned down her back. "Whew! but it's hot. Just came from Grant's."

"That's about the only place I didn't go this morning. Land anything?"

"Not sure, but I think I have got something for you."

"What!"

"There's a piece they've brought out in 'Frisco called, 'The Spider's Web.' It's made a hit. Grant's got it. There's music behind the scenes—that's where you come in, with your alto voice. They are supposed to bring the entire company, but Grant says they won't bring the small parts. I told him you could say a few lines and help out with the music behind the scenes, and they'd save a salary."

"But I never said a line in my life."

The woman on the bed sat up and drawing her knees up to her chin, clasped her arms about them.

"Never you mind about the lines, I'll pull you through. The thing is to get the job."

"Are you going to be in it, too?"

"I'm not sure, Grant says there's a part calls for a swell looker—Ouch!"

"Have you hurt your foot?"

"No, but I've got a raging corn."

"Take off your shoe."

"Can't afford to. I'd never get it on again, and I've got to go out this afternoon."

"I read of that piece in the paper," said the woman on the bed, looking over her knees.

"It said a man named Jim Bailey had made a hit in a small part."

"Yes, I asked Grant about him, but he didn't know him, said they must have picked him up out West. Anyway, he is to be featured."

The woman jumped off the bed like a two-year-old, and forced her feet into the waiting patent leather ties and stood up in them as comfortable as if they had not been a size too small. She dropped the flopping kimona from her shoulders and slipped on the white skirt and shirtwaist.

"Take off your hat, Jen, anyway I'll go down to lunch with you. I'll be ready in a jiffy." And she proceeded to dress as if for a first act.

"What time did you say we were to be at Grant's tomorrow?"

"Ten o'clock."

PLAYERS WHO WRITE PLAYS

(*Concluded from page 418*)

names of those who contribute to its book and ditties. "Lady Billy" bears the plain and simple announcement, "Libretto and lyrics by Zelda Sears."

"The Squaw Man" is among the memories of best American plays. "Friends" bears it brilliant company. "Captain Impudence," was an agreeable companion. Edwin Milton Royle was an actor before, during and after, the long lives of these, his brain products. Charles Klein, who wrote "The Music Master," and "The Lion and The Mouse," and who died in the wreck of the Lusitania, was an actor before he was a playwright.

James Forbes is listed as a press representative in the period prior to his playwriting. So he was, but there was a development period antedating that. In that period he was an actor. It was acting that taught him how to build "The Chorus Lady," "The Travelling Salesman," "The Commuters," "The Show Shop," and "The Famous Mrs. Fair."

"Ah!" cries the controversialist, "you forget Sir Arthur Wing Pinero!" No, nor do I forget that he was an actor.

David Garrick wrote plays. As did another hard pressed English actor, one William Shakespeare, and another a Frenchman, one Molière.

"A MIGEL SILK"
"TAL-LY-HO!"

Only real novelty of the season. A silken sports fabric new in weave—new in pattern—new in its exquisite colorings. You are seeing it wherever you see smart women congregate—at the country club—on the links. *You* must have a skirt or frock of Tal-Ly-Ho.

A tiny label identifies the garment; the fabric bears the name on the selvage.

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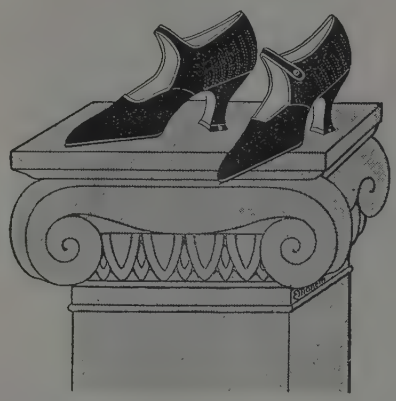

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OBITUARY

JULIE OPP, wife of William Faversham, and for a number of years one of the favorite stars of the American stage, died at the Post Graduate Hospital in New York on April 9th following an operation.

Miss Opp was born in New York in January, 1871, the daughter of John Opp, a saloon keeper, and a political power of the Bowery. She was educated at a convent in this city, where she astonished the sisters by her determination to become a ballet dancer. She did not, however, turn immediately to the footlights, but on completing her studies entered the field of journalism, where her charm and wit secured her success and the friendship of many prominent persons. Among those who tried to induce the young journalist to go on the stage were Sarah Bernhardt and Emma Calvé. But although she appeared for one night in a small part in "Camille"—it was not until 1894, when she was visiting London in connection with newspaper work that Sir George Alexander persuaded her to accept a part in his production of "As You Like It." Her success was immediate, and she returned to America the following year, making her début here in 1897 in "The Princess and the Butterfly." She married Mr. Faversham in 1902, and since then has appeared in many plays with him. Illness forced her to abandon the stage while she was playing in "The Hawk" with her husband.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY, an opera star of an earlier generation, and one of the first American singers to acquire an international reputation, died at her home in Norwalk, Conn. on April 3rd last, at the age of seventy-nine.

Miss Cary was born October 22nd, 1841, in Wayne, Me. After completing her primary education there, she went to Boston to study music. She sang in the choir of Dr. Stowe's church where she made such an impression that a testimonial concert provided funds for study abroad. In 1867 she made her first operatic appearance in Copenhagen as Azucena in "Trovatore." In September 1873, Miss Cary first sang here in opera at the Academy of Music, where she made a great success in the rôles of Amneris in "Aida," and Ortrud in "Lohengrin," being the first American woman to appear in a Wagner opera.

Although classed as a contralto, Miss Cary had a voice of remarkably wide range. She was, moreover, an artist of great versatility, being equally successful in opera, concert and oratorio. Her last professional appearance was at a festival in the Spring of 1882. That June she married Mr. Charles Monson Raymond and retired to private life.

ALFRED GRIFFEN, "Al. G." Field, a pioneer American minstrel, died at his home in Columbus, O. on April 3rd last. Born seventy-two years ago in Leesburg, Va., Mr. Field was educated in the common schools of Brownsville and Pittsburgh, Pa., later becoming interested in banking and farming, and in 1886 entered the theatrical business, organizing a minstrel show which he had operated continually since that time.

SCHOOLS FOR FRANCE

FRANCE is still struggling with the gigantic problem of reconstruction. The rebuilding of devastated towns goes on, but France has not yet been saved because the death rate among French children of these towns is still twice what it was before the war. Sixty-five percent of the children in the devastated regions are tubercular, and malnutrition has so stunted the growth of all as to imperil the future of the race.

To combat these conditions, open air schools are necessary throughout the invaded territory, and to encourage educational reconstruction along these lines the French American Union for Open Air Schools, in cooperation with the French Government, plans to open immediately a model school at Lille. The city of Lille will provide land for a site, the Ministry of Public Instruction will pay the teaching personnel and contribute to the building and the committee will provide food, clothing and medical service for the children. For their part in the establisment of the Lille school the committee needs $250,000.

Dr. John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education for the State of New York, is president of the Board of Directors of the French-American Union. Mr. H. F. Wilson, of the Bankers' Trust Company, is Treasurer.

The French Committee is headed by M. Leon Bourgeois and M. Ferdinand Buisson. Contributions and correspondence are welcomed at the headquarters of the Union at 105 West 40th Street, New York City.

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ON WITH THE *PLAY!*

By MAXSON FOXHALL JUDELL

THE *Play* BEGINS!

Prologue: The Plot Demonstrator.

* * *

IF IT WASN'T FOR THE IRISH AND THE—

An Irishman and a disciple of the Chosen Race had been great friends for a good many years. They loved each other dearly, but they always seemed to disagree.

Finally Pat said to Abe: "Well, Cohen, you *must* admit one thing, and that is our priests know more than your rabbis."

"Why shouldn't they?" replied Cohen. "You tell them everything."

—BARNEY BERNARD

THE *First* ACT!

* *

MASKS.

Behind the scenes the Heroine
Snaps at the Hero in whose arms
She melted with a look divine
Before the curtain hid her charms.
The Hero snaps right back, I grieve
To say, and helps to spill the beans.
Real life takes off the make-believe
Behind the scenes.

Friend Wife at home delights to frown
And rail at her domestic Mate;
Said Mate replies in tones that drown
Her shrill soprano billingsgate.
In public they're as sweet as sap,
But, like the Players, acting screens
Their human tendency to scrap
Behind the scenes.

—GUY F. LEE

Nomenclature!

Louise: "You are an incorrigible Parisian."

Henri: "Well, in Paris, chastity is such a comical virtue."

* * *

Jeannette: "How do you like me in my new costume?"

Toto: "My dear, I could easily imagine you without the costume, but never the costume without you."

—From "TOTO."

Surely Not Lackaye-ing in Point!

WILTON LACKAYE, while visiting London, stepped around to the dressing room of *Joe Coyne*, who was playing there. An English gentleman, sitting in the room, was introduced to Lackaye.

"Joe," said Lackaye, "how's the play going?"

"Fine," was Joe's response, "this is our 300th performance."

"Yes, and I dare say it will run 300 times more," said the English gentleman as he arose. "In fact, *I* have seen the play thirty times, and a very dear friend of mine has seen it fifty times."

"Well, it's different in my country," observed Lackaye, "when we see a play four or five times and we don't get it we give it up."

—HUMOR, ESQ.

"I'M ALWAYS GLAD WHEN THEY DRAMATIZE A BEST-SELLER," SAID THE LADY WITH A CRAVING FOR LITERATURE, "BECAUSE THEN I DON'T HAVE TO READ IT."

The Salvaging of Civilization!

She sang, of course, "M'ama!" and not "he loves me," since an unalterable and unquestioned law of the musical world required that the German text of French operas sung by Swedish artists should be translated into Italian for the clearer understanding of English-speaking audiences.

—EDITH WHARTON in "THE AGE OF INNOCENCE."

THE MUSIC MASTER!

The first scene in "DEBURAU" is the exterior of the old Funambules Theatre, and seated on a bench just as they were in those days are the three musicians who accompany the Barker. These men, of course, are real musicians, as they are required to play well the music of the period.

At the dress rehearsal I noticed that one of them had no make-up on his face. I spoke to him, explaining how strong the light was in that scene, and how pale and out-of-character he looked.

"Mr. Belasco," the man replied, "I am fifty years old and the father of a family. Never have I put paint on my face. I would be ashamed."

—DAVID BELASCO

Whathel!

[CHARLES JUDELS is the well-known purveyor of comedy, and both he and your editor have been asked if we are in any way related. We are—in that we both try to be humorous! —*Editor.*]

Said Charlie Judels to Maxson Judell:
"Our names are funny things to spell.
I end with 'S' and you with 'L,'
I often wonder whythel."

To Charlie Judels said Maxson Judell:
"You only wonder whythel.
My puzzle's worse, for I, as well,
Must wonder whythe*double*l."

—MIRIAM HAMPTON MILLER

HER EYES ARE MET, HER FEET NOT YET, BUT OH—

Ina: "What are you staring at my feet for?"

Mrs. Bett: "So I can tell."

Ina: "Tell what?"

Mrs. Bett: "Whether you're coming or going."

—From "MISS LULU BETT."

Some critical gentlemen are undecided as to the punishment befitting a playwright who speaks of "Eve and her figurative lingerie."

The Fifth Horseman!

After seeing "THE BAD MAN" one night, a Brigadier-General in our army told me of *Pancho Villa*, probably "*The* Bad Man!"

General Villa was asked to explain the significance of three very elaborate decorations he wore on his expansive chest.

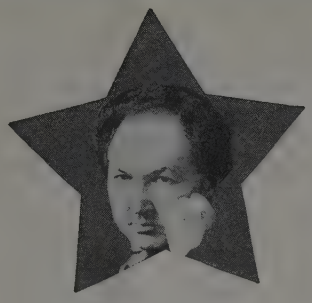
He replied, indicating the upper one, "Thees ees for the battle of Torreon," and tapping the second one, "Thees ees for when I drive Caranza out of Sonora," and pointing to the last, "Thees I receive for saving a woman."

"Saving a woman?" asked the guest.

"'Sure," said Villa, "one day I have two women an' I save one for the nex' day!"

—HOLBROOK BLINN

(*Continued on page 456*)



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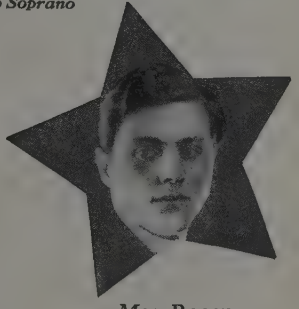
Martha
Your Eyes Have Told Me
Tosca
Elucevan le Steele (Tosca)
Thank God for a Garden

IRENE PAVLOSKA
Love's Old Sweet Song
Just a Wearyin' for You
Carmen
La Boheme, Musetta Waltz
I Love You Truly
Long, Long Ago

THEO. KARLE
Little Mother of Mine
I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby
Christ in Flanders
The Lord Is My Light
Macushla
Mavis
Bells of St. Mary's
Evening Song
That Tumble Down Shack in Athlone
My Wild Irish Rose
Bring Back the Golden Days
When You and I Were Young, Maggie
From the Land of the Sky Blue Water
Venetian Song
Kathleen Mavourneen
Killarney
Mother Machree
Come Back to Erin

VIRGINIA REA
Old Folks at Home
La Capinera
Barbiere di Siviglia
Les Filles de Cadix

MAX ROSEN
Hebrew Legend
Serenade
Souvenir
La Gitana
Orientale
Humoresque
Ave Maria.



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ON WITH THE *PLAY!*

(*Continued from page 454*)

THE *Second* ACT!

* *

EVEN GREAT LOVERS HAVE THEIR OFF MOMENTS!

"While very 'broke' some years ago," relates LEO DITRICHSTEIN. "I accepted a part which called for my wearing a real smart street suit. I pleaded with a little foreign tailor to make me one on credit. I promised never to wear the suit on the street until it was paid for.

"One evening I had an engagement with a young lady upon whom I was naturally anxious to make a good impression. After the performance I kept on the suit and sneaked out of a scenery door. I met the girl in front of the theatre, and she was complimenting me on my appearance when the little tailor rushed up. Grabbing me by the arm, he shouted excitedly:

"'Mr. Ditrichstein! Mr. Ditrichstein! Take off the suit please! Take off the suit. Remember our agreement. Be a gentleman and take off the suit NOW.'"

"Well, I took off the suit. . . . That's how I lost my girl!"

The First Hundred Years Are—

My friend, Baron de W., was campaigning for a seat in the English Parliament. At one meeting of his constituency he began his address:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Say that you will vote for me because I am an aristocrat. My great grandfather was a Baron, my grandfather was a Baron, my father was Baron, and I am Baron."

"What a pity your mother was not!" shouted a voice from the gallery.

—ALICE DELYSIA

Mr. Don Passes By!

The successful people are the ones who think up stunts for the rest of the world to keep busy at.

* * *

CAPITALIST: ANY MAN WHO IS ABLE TO PAY HIS RENT.

* * *

Any man can write *vers libre*, but it takes a strong man to read it.

—DON MARQUIS

The Unwelcome Stranger!

[*Scene*: Lobby of theatre. A little tailor of the Chosen Race, leading a boy about six years old by the hand, gives the doorman *one* ticket.]

Doorman: "Here! You've gotta have a ticket for that boy."

Tailor: "For dis boy? Ah, don't be foolish, mister. He's only a small little feller. He won't do nothing."

Doorman: "I don't care. You can't get in unless you have a ticket for the boy."

Tailor: "It's alright, mister. I promise you I won't let him look."

—GEORGE SIDNEY

"That Naughty Waltz" is irresistible.

* * *

Only church members and sick people can drink legally. Well, we've had ours.

Comedians All!

The first-night audience which witnessed "CLAIR DE LUNE," was evidently of a humorous bent, if we may believe the special comments on its behavior by the critics.

Said HEYWOOD BROUN in the *New York Tribune*: "The audience was large, brilliant, and socially elect. It behaved like the very devil."

And ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT in the *New York Times*: "Then the big audience, which had assembled with so much curiosity, departed. The dispersal was effected slowly, because the ushers shouted that only those with private cars should leave by the front door. So, of course, everyone had to go that way."

THE *Third* ACT!

* *

Fifty-Fifty!

Who is it takes his pen in hand
And writes stage epics for the paper?
Who gives us all to understand
That he alone's the proper caper?
And when the Layman plans a show
Who is it tells him where to go?
The Critic.

Who is it scans the printed page
Whereon appears this lore delicious?
Who listens to its counsel sage,
Then does as he jolly well wishes?
And when the Critic pans a show
Who is it tells HIM where to go?
The Layman!

—FORESTER LEIGH

Hallie: "Did you see Rena Maxwell's gown last night?"

Teddy: "I did. It looked as if she were advertising her virtue."

Eileen: "I don't see why Rena doesn't stay at home altogether."

Teddy: "Of course, no man wants to dance with her if she *will* wear corsets"

Eileen: "Old Ironsides—they call her." —From "NICE PEOPLE."

THE COMPLEX VISION!

I recently heard a "souse" story at the Lambs Club picturizing the funny aftermath of an over-indulgence in spirits-frumenti that got a laugh from even blasé Me! [*The* authority on "Tipsy" stories, LEON ERROL, is speaking!]

Two Englishmen were travelling in the London Tube, in the early morning, apparently homeward bound. They had looked upon the liquor while it was most potent and were in that blissful stage of semi-intoxication known as "several seas over." Finally one of them, after a convulsive effort to face his friend, said thickly: "Oh, I say Old Thing, what time is it?"

Old Thing awkwardly drew forth a gold match-box attached to the nether end of his watch chain, and stutteringly but most seriously observed, "Ish Shurzday."

The other stared blankly at the object for an instant, and then a serpentine movement toward the door hiccoughed: "Good-*hic*-Gawd-*hic*-I getoffhere."

We are tempted to offer a generous prize to any star who is willing to bow to the inevitable, instead of the audience.

THE END OF THE *Play!*

Anecdotes, epigrams, short satires, poems, burlesques—these are what we invite our readers to send in. The subject material need not necessarily be of the stage. But it must be primarily humorous. *Allons!*

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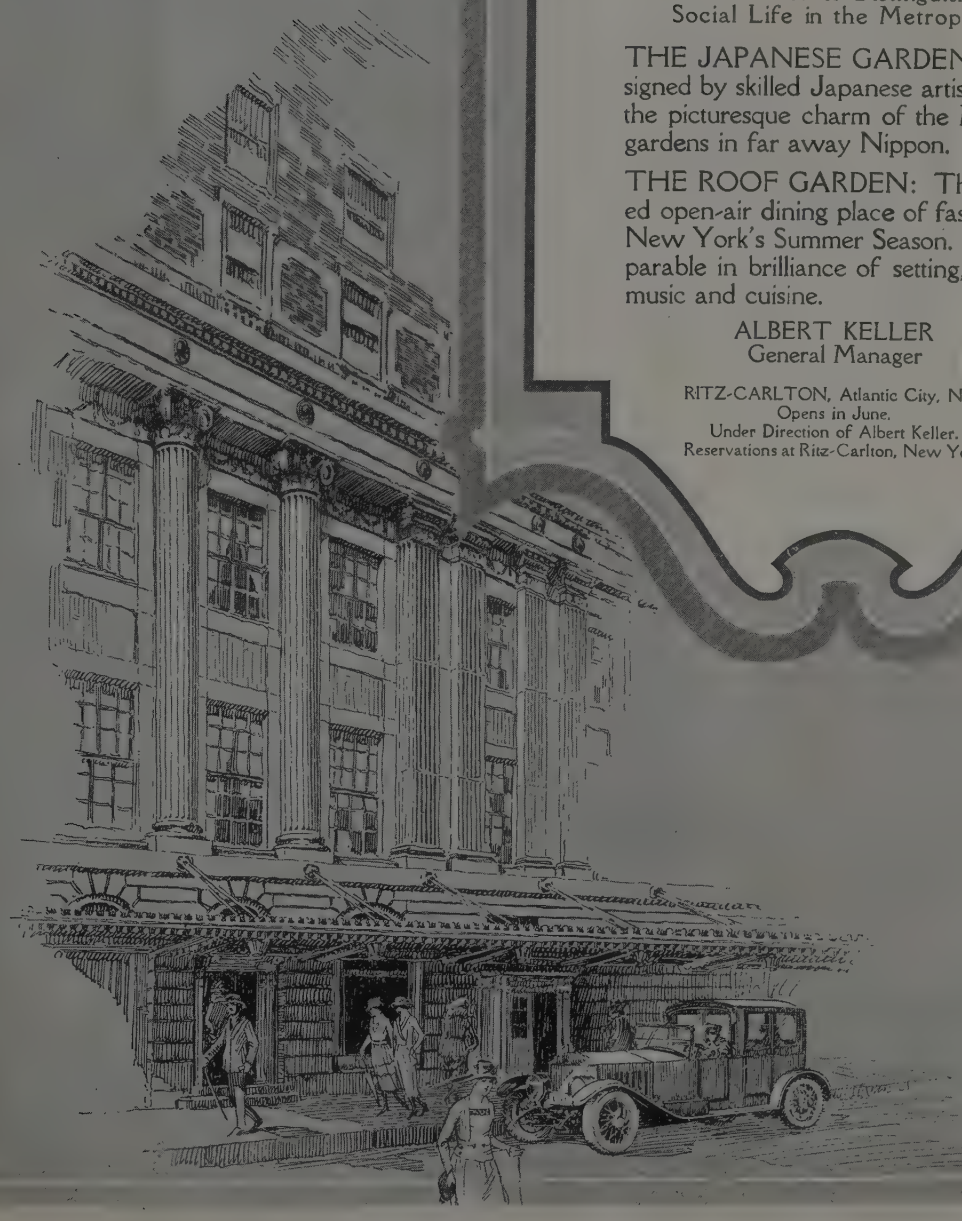

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 417*)

loses that indefinable charm of speech and manner that has long endeared her to this public.

She looked radiant as the Queen, appearing in a series of stunning gowns that, for sheer beauty, fairly took one's breath away.

John Barrymore made a real sacrifice to art when he permitted the mutilation of his handsome features—if only in grease paint—for the proper representation of the clown's hideous mask. He makes his entrance executing somersaults which, for a Shakespearean star, is somewhat of a novelty, to say the least. Mr. Barrymore commands our respect in tragedy, but we cannot help feeling that comedy is his real avocation.

Most of the lines of the play were lost to the audience owing to the wretched enunciation of the players. E. Lyal Swete, who acted Ursus, was a conspicuous offender in this respect.

BIJOU. "Toto." Comedy by Maurice Hennequin and Felix Duquesnal; adapted by Achmed Abdullah. Produced on March 21, with this cast:

Victor	Gustav Bowhan
Louise de Tillois	Phoebe Foster
Henri de Tergy	Orlando Daly
George de Pontillet	Clyde Veaux
Robert de Rivarol	Albert Brown
Pascaline	Belle Murry
Jeannette	Nellie Burt
Olivette	Ruth Thomas
Fanchon	Edith Rose Scott
"Toto"	Leo Ditrichstein
Baroness de Verdiere	Paula Shay
Baron de Verdiere	Lee Millar
Auguste	M. A. Kelly
Evariste de Merinville	Beach Cooke
Madame de Tillois	Frances Underwood
Madame Lanier	Josephine Hamner
Mlle. Colombe	Emma Knill
Severus Merinville	Edward H. See

WHEN stars reach a certain age, they and their managers are often sadly put to it to find proper mediums for the display of their talents. But Leo Ditrichstein will never want for material. He has only to delve into the French theatre for the last twenty years to find fable after fable whose principal rôle is either a *vieux flancur*, or a middle-aged *boulevardier*, all admirably fitted to his Continental methods. Many of these were not to be thought of for a moment in the olden days, but in these times of advanced thought, when the American public, or that of New York, at least, will stand for about anything, why, his field is tremendous.

Out of this accumulation of the past, Achmed Abdullah has pulled from the shelves of Maurice Hennequin and Felix Duquesnal, a comedy dealing with Parisian life which he has adapted for local consumption under the title of "Toto." To me it seems but a mediocre adaptation. The wit is somewhat obvious, and the dialogue is hardly as polished or as subtle as the exigencies of some of the situations required, nor to establish a sympathy for the vicious protagonist did it seem necessary to belittle the fundamental sincerity of those with higher aspirations than the ballet or the cabaret.

That his daughter may marry, Antoine de Tillois relinquishes his Parisian life and effects a reconciliation with his wife, a *religieuse* from whom he has long been separated. Of the permanency of this regeneration there is much room left for doubt, but some of the misunderstandings which grow out of his apparent reformation are amusing. In this rôle, Mr. Ditrichstein is his polished self, adroit, neat, keen and incisive.

The daughter is invested with a distinct personality of engaging worth by Phoebe Foster, and the wife and mother permeated with genuine dignity and feeling by Frances Underwood. The minor rôles are well done, particularly the part of a French Mark Meddle by Edward H. See.

39TH STREET. "The Ghost Between." Play in three acts and a prologue by Vincent Lawrence. Produced March 22, with this cast:

Dr. John Dillard	Arthur Byron
Ethel Brookes	Laura Walker
Richard Hunt	Glenn Anders
Jenkins	Walter Brown
Nurse	Kathryn Keys
Dr. Jerome Buxton	W. Messinger Bellis

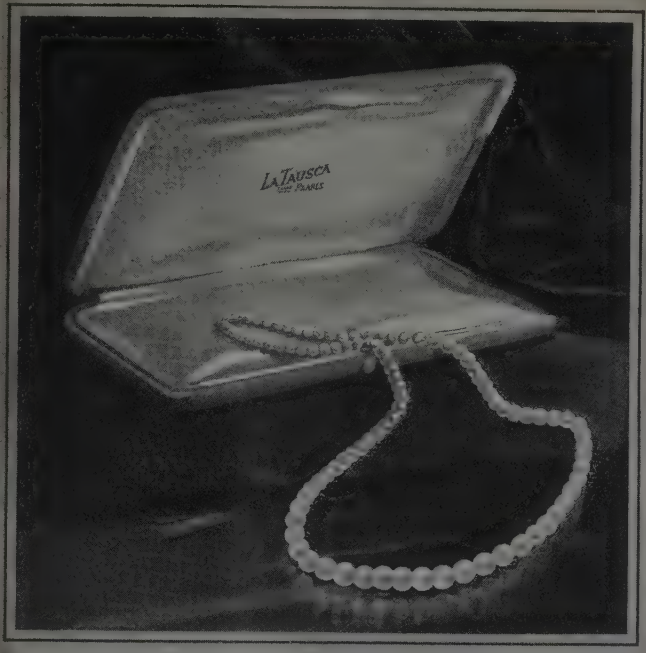
AN Irish washerwoman, who had married a second time, came one day to do the family washing. She seemed unusually happy. When asked why, she seriously said: "It's my birthday, and my husband has given me such a beautiful present—yes, he gave me a lovely tombstone for my first husband's grave."

One is reminded of this story by seeing the new play in which Arthur Byron has come back to Broadway after a very brief absence. "The Ghost Between," is not a spooky spirit that makes unwelcome nocturnal visits; it is a woman's memories of her love for her first husband which make it impossible for her to be a wife (except in name only) to a second man. The second man accepts the condition and marries her; but after six months of faithful promise-keeping things begin to happen.

The prologue is short, and tensely serious, giving no inkling of the surprises to follow. With the first act the comedy begins, and grows sometimes into almost broad farce, with sudden changes from gay to grave and back again, that make one wonder what will happen next. The

(*Concluded on page 460*)

GIFTS THAT LAST



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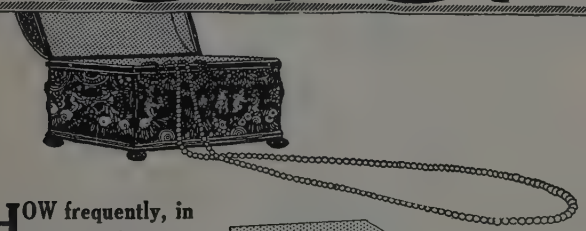

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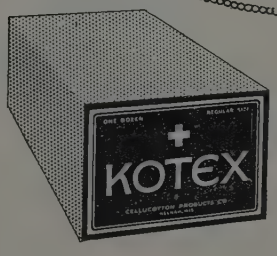

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 458)

familiar sex triangle is used with a new twist to it, and is as funny as the rest of it.

One might find plenty of fault with the play if he tried, but we would defy any one excepting a confirmed misanthrope to keep from giving vent to hilarious mirth over some of the situations and speeches; and in fact, gales of laughter are frequent during the course of the evening.

Arthur Byron is sufficiently serious in the prologue, and then attacks the play with great gusto. Laura Walker, as the wife, steered a careful course through the windings of a somewhat difficult part, and comes to the end with flying colors. Glenn Anders, the husband's friend and protegé, an unconscionable young scamp who is the third angle of the triangle, plays with refreshing verve and naturalness and makes himself likeable even if he can and does lie like a thief.

All in all the play is good fun and quite worth seeing.

CASINO. "It's Up To You." Musical comedy in three acts. Music by Manuel Klein, John L. McManus and Ray Perkins. Book by Augustin MacHugh and Douglas Leavitt. Produced March 28, with this cast:

Ned Spencer	Charles King
Dick Dayton	Douglas Leavitt
Jim Duke	Harry Short
Freddy Oliver	Ray George
Colonel Stephen Forrest	Albert Sackett
A Collector	Frank Michel
Sheriff McCabe	Royal Cutter
Harriet Hollistar	Lila Rhodes
Ethel	Ruth Mary Lockwood
Mrs. Hollistar	Florence Earle
Lotta DeVere	Norma Brown
Hortense Gessitt	Florence Hope
Suzanne	Madeline Dare

THE most negligible factor in this offering is the so-called music. There are several jingles, and it took three composers to evolve them. As a rhythmic accompaniment to dancing they pass muster. And as dancing, and more dancing, seems the chief end and aim of comedies with music, doubtless "all is right as right can be" with this one.

As for the book and lyrics, it took four people to furnish these, and from the evidence at hand none of them had to work very hard. The work devolved on those who had to "put it over," and there were several who were quite successful in this, despite their handicaps. Douglas Leavitt and Harry Short, with the assistance of Florence Hope in some break-neck dances, were the leaders in the funny business and extracted many laughs with their antics.

There were several interesting dance numbers, participated in by people who were difficult to identify even by referring to the program; and there were among the chorus girls several more comely than the average. The settings were not especially distinctive nor the costumes elaborate. They were, however, in much better taste than is the rule in these affairs.

To sum it all up, "It's Up To You," is an ordinary example of the stereotyped musical show of the day.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

John McCormack's last contribution was two Irish folk melodies. This month he has gone to the very antipodes of the world of music, by selecting a song which ranks beside the great songs of Schumann and Richard Strauss. He and Edward Schneider have made the English translation, and Fritz Kreisler plays to the song an obbligato of strange, sad, almost supernal beauty. The sadness in the song is not that of passive acceptance, but of wonder and passionate rebellion against the woes and mysteries of life. "O Cease Thy Singing" is almost the last word in living Russian musical genius—a perfect expression of that longing for beauty which seems the inheritance of sad and thoughtful races. In the first stanza there is a magnificent fortissimo passage. In the second the voice is high, sweet and gently penetrant.—*Adv.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

HIGHLAND LIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. Henry Adams Bellows. New York: The Macmillan Company.

RESURRECTING LIFE. Poems. By Michael Strange. Illustrated by John Barrymore. New York: Knopf.

LITTLE THEATRE CLASSICS. Volume III. Four plays adapted and edited by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown Company.

THE WIND OVER THE WATER. Play in one act by Philip Merivale. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

THE CULT OF CONTENT. Play in one act by Noel Leslie. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

THE GREEN GODDESS. Play in four acts by William Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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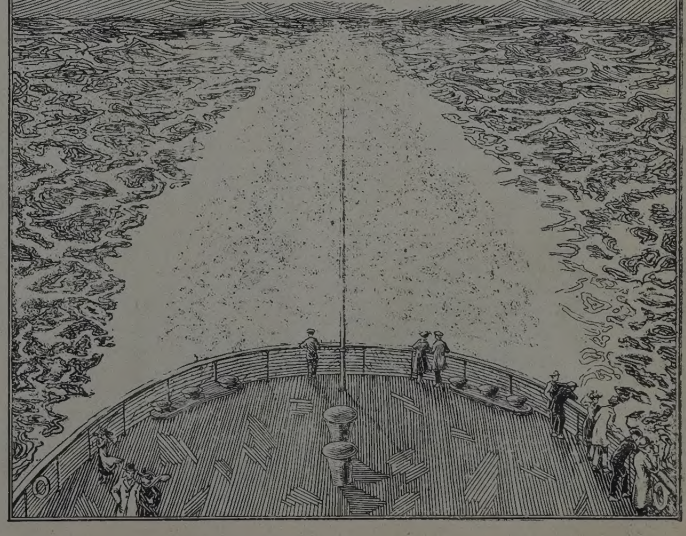

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SUBSCRIBERS ATTENTION!

VACATION DAYS are coming, when changes of address usually reach us too late—and for this reason magazines are frequently lost in the mails.

Changes of address must be in our office before the 10th of the month. For example—for the July issue a change of address must be in before the 10th of June.

TRAINING FOR THE STAGE
By ARTHUR HORNBLOW

David Belasco says of this book: *"It contains much of great interest to the professional. It should also be of great value to the novice. The author's treatment of his subject is very unusual and most skillfully handled.*
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"The Theatre" Letter Box

What Players Should Read

To the Editor:

I noticed in your March issue a question in regard to reading recommended for a young man about to enter the player's career. I thought perhaps a list of the books not listed in your limited space might be of interest:

Talma, *The Actor's Art;* Izard, *Heroines of the Modern Stage;* Wm. Winter, *Shakespeare on the Stage, Other Days, Shadows of the Stage, Wallet of Time;* Wm. Archer, *The Theatrical World;* Mary Anderson, *A Few Memories;* Clara Morris, *Life of a Star.* Very truly,

MYRTLE GAGE.

Chicago, Ill.,
March 7, 1921.

The Genesis of Jazz

To the Editor:

I am much interested in what is called Jazz music. Your magazine, of which I am an enthusiastic devotee, and which contains so many timely articles, not only on the theatre proper, but on music in its different phases, suggests the idea of writing you to get some information on this undoubtedly timely subject. May I ask you to tell me what, in your opinion, is the influence of Jazz music? Also, just exactly what is Jazz, and where and when did it originate?

EDMUND MUNGER.

Jacksonville, Ill.,
March 31, 1921.

"Jazz" is Syncopated Noise. It originated in the jungle of Africa where the cannibals find their greatest enjoyment in devouring each other. When not engaged in this gentle gastronomic pastime, the savages indulge in dancing to the accompaniment of the loudest noises they can make, and with grimaces and bodily contortions closely bordering on the obscene. Leaders of fashion in so-called civilized countries saw in these dances something worthy of imitation, and so made them important parts of our social functions. All of which would seem to prove that the world is progressing—backwards.—Editor.

Finds Our Reviews Useful

To the Editor:

I ask that Mr. Hornblow "Go to the Play" a little more accessibly. May I suggest that the plays reviewed appear in the Table of Contents, as was the custom a year or so ago?

In the "provinces" we are a long time in getting the "Original" New York productions and the expediency of confirming or disproving the legitimacy of what we are offered as the "New York Cast," has long been a necessity. Our file of the "Theatre" is conned invariably before biting at an offered bait and it is rather difficult to find the review where the name is not listed in the index.

We are not a one-night stand but a city of half a million with two houses playing the "legit" asking for patronage for weekly runs. Your "Killing the Goose" article is most applicable.

CHAS. T. WALLACE.

Buffalo, N. Y.,
March 2, 1921.

The titles of the plays reviewed now appear in the Table of Contents each month.—Editor.

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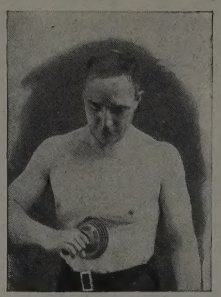

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August* 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1921, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Henry Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York; Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securites are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given: also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1921. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 671, Register's No. 1702. (Term expires March 30th, 1921.)

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By ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *Editor of the* THEATRE MAGAZINE
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How is this possible? Because Metropolitan is not owned by a trust, a syndicate or a paper company. It represents no "special interest," no group, no political party, no "ism." Its owner, Editor-publisher is one man. There is no national magazine of any size and importance of which this is true except the Metropolitan. It believes its chief duty is to present important facts, not to sicken its readers with stale propaganda. If the facts are sometimes harsh and unwelcome, that is in the nature of things. The main thing is to have the courage to tell your story, and keep the public really informed. This policy explains the reputation of Metropolitan as being progressive. You will always find in Metropolitan editorials and articles that provoke thought about economic and social problems that are inevitably coming to confront us.

Metropolitan has become a great political force of widespread influence. Metropolitan is an opinion-making monthly, it is an interpreter of fighting questions—carrying a light it leads the way into the darkness of unsolved issues.

And yet Metropolitan is more than this. A magazine would not be a well-rounded family visitor unless it had entertainment also—fiction. Your family needs information *and* entertainment. That is why Metropolitan is always about half articles and half fiction. The standard of fiction is high—we call it "real life" fiction. Each story is entertaining, yet each contains a contribution to life that will stay with you after you have laid the magazine aside. We like what the critics say about our "real life" fiction. Here is what one wrote about Metropolitan's fiction contributors—they are "people who write stories that other folks talk about and tell their friends about: stories with ideas big enough to make them remembered."

Another very prominent magazine review has just published this about Metropolitan "real life" fiction: "It will be hard to find another group of short stories so well calculated to hold the attention closely and afford a deal of entertainment."

Let us refer back to the opinion-making influence of Metropolitan. William Hard is now in Ireland solely representing the Metropolitan. The facts about Ireland are hard to get. No one yet knows them or has published them. We sent Hard to Ireland because he is the fairest, most honest, most penetrating journalist in the United States. He is adept in making complicated issues simple, human and understandable. He will do this for the Irish question.

You can read the *real* truth about Ireland in the June Metropolitan now published. Other articles by him on Ireland will follow. These Irish articles by William Hard are the most important now being published in American periodical journalism.

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Metropolitan

H. J. WHIGHAM, Publisher

432 Fourth Avenue, New York City

CAMERA CLICKS

PRISCILLA BONNER has been selected to play the leading feminine rôle in "The Son of Wallingford," the Vitagraph production now being filmed at the West Coast studios under the direction of the author, George Randolph Chester.

* * *

Marion Davies, the star of Cosmopolitan Productions, is at work on "Enchantment," a story adapted for the screen by Luther Reed from the story by Frank R. Adams called "Manhandling Ethel." Forrest Stanley plays opposite Miss Davies, and others in the cast are Arthur Rankin, Tom Lewis, the well-known stage comedian, Edith Shayne, Corinne Barker and Maude Turner Gordon.

* * *

Lionel Barrymore is creating the title rôle in "Boomerang Bill," under the direction of Tom Terriss. Doty Hobart adapted this story from a Cosmopolitan Magazine story by Jack Boyle, author of the famous "Boston Blackie" stories. Marguerite Marsh is playing opposite Mr. Barrymore.

* * *

Frances Marion has just completed taking "Just Around the Corner," which she wrote for the screen from several Fannie Hurst stories. Miss Marion, who wrote and supervised many of Mary Pickford's greatest successes, also directed "Just Around the Corner," in which Lewis Sargent, famous for his screen interpretation of Huckleberry Finn, takes the leading rôle. Sigrid Holmquist, the Swedish actress, plays the leading female rôle, and Margaret Seddon takes a leading part. Others in the cast are Edward Phillips, Zyllah Shannon, Fred C. Thomson, Peggy Parr, Mme. Rosonova and William Nally.

* * *

Metro is planning to send a company to the Orient to make a film play with native players, excepting a few that will go with the director, Daniel Frawley.

* * *

Nazimova will sever connections with Metro, according to late reports, to return to the stage. Her version of "Camille" is her last picture. It is said that she was to have entered the field of independent producers but satisfactory arrangements for her personal supervision of her productions could not be made.

* * *

Several film celebrities have been recent hospital patients. Myrtle Stedman has recovered from an attack of pneumonia that kept her off the screen many weeks. Thelma Percy, sister of Eileen, the star, has been in a California hospital for an operation. Nearly a score of screen stars have recently parted with their appendix.

* * *

Jimmy Aubrey has completed his newest comedy, "The Tourist," a burlesque stage coach trip through the Western frontier, in which the comedian is a hero of speedy style and mannerisms, but slow of mind. The bandits who hold up the stage coach find him an excellent subject for rough humor and through this comes the laugh sequences of the picture. Zella Ingraham appears opposite the star. Wild animals also play an important part in the comedy.

* * *

William Duncan is about to begin work on a seven-reel feature production based on "The Princess of the Desert Dreams," a novelette by Ralph Cummins. The scenario was written by Thomas Dixon, Jr., son of the famous author of "The Clansman." "The Princess of the Desert Dream" is a strong Western type story, filled with the romance of the Death Valley gold section, with the scrdidness of the mining days left out.

* * *

Alice Calhoun's new picture is, "Closed Doors," a stirring drama written especially for her by Harry Dittmar. Harry C. Brown, who has played on the legitimate stage opposite such stars as Edith Taliaferro, Frances Starr, Mary Ryan, Rose Stahl and Lillian Russell and a number of screen stars, is her leading man.

* * *

"The Secret of the Hills," a highly successful novel by William Garrett, the English writer, has been selected for the next Antonio Moreno production. Mr. Moreno will appear as a young American who encounters a series of amazing adventures in London and the Highlands of Scotland because the beautiful eyes of a beautiful girl lead him on in quest of romance.

* * *

James Rennie, the good-looking hero of "Spanish Love," is making his first venture into screenland since his marriage to Dorothy Gish. He has been engaged as leading man for Hope Hampton in the picturization of the Fannie Hurst story, "Star Dust."

* * *

Adventure and romance figure in Charlie Chaplin's new picture, "Vanity Fair," now in production. Edna Purviance will again be seen as leading lady, and the cast consists of many of the players who appeared in "The Kid," among them being Lelita Parker, Loyal Underwood, and Henry Bergman.